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WORMS AND FLOWERS.

BY JAMES MONTGOMERY.

You're spinning for my lady, worm!
Silk garments for the fair;
You're spinning rainbows for a form
More beautiful than air.
When air is bright with sun-beams,
And morning mists arise
From woody vales and mountain-streams
To blue autumnal skies.

You're spinning for my lady, flower!
You're training for my love,
The glory of her summer-bower,
While skylarks soar above:
Go, twine her locks with rosebuds,
Or breathe upon her breast,
While zephyrs curl the water floods,
And rock the halcyon's nest.

But, oh! there is another worm
Ere long will visit her,
And revel on her lovely form,
In the dark sepulchre:
Yet from that spoil shall spring
A flower as sweet as this;
Hard by the nightingale shall ring,
Soft winds its petals kiss.

Frail emblems of frail beauty, ye!
In beauty who would trust?
Since all that charms the eye must be
Consigned to worms and dust:
Yet, like the flower that decks her tomb,
Her spirit shall quit the sod,
To shine in amaranthine bloom,
Fast by the throne of God!

AN OPAL RING.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "NEMESIS OF LOVE," "MYSTERY OF A WILL," ETC., ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER IV.

THE prospect of a visit to the Larches most agreeably occupied Lena and Bertha Dalton's minds during the few weeks that elapsed after the invitation arrived. When the happy day came at last, the day of escape from London and its toils and cares, full of spirits, they took their seats in the railway carriage, Lena dreaming of conquest and the possible attainment of her desires, Bertha of the delightful meeting with kind old friends, and the welcome change and release from a monotonous round of duties.

Mrs. Dalton was the widow of a naval officer. Captain Dalton had done good service in his time, and had been much respected. During the latter years of his life he had been disabled by a wound received during the Crimean war. It had not first appeared serious, but it had gradually impaired his strength, until, after some years of struggle, he had been compelled to retire. On this he settled with his family near Plymouth, where at length he succumbed to his injuries, about three years prior to the visit to the Larches of the Misses Dalton.

He had married when already arrived at middle age, attracted by the pretty face and captivating manners of the girl he made his wife, to find out too late that but a small amount of heart or intellect lay beneath the captivating exterior. Not that Mrs Dalton was in any way unamiable; she was merely shallow, silly, and self-indulgent.

With these qualities, it was scarcely to be expected that she would prove either a sympathetic companion to her husband or a wise administrator of his affairs. Every farthing she could wring from him went to meet what she considered her necessary expenses, and often debts were incurred which endangered the peace of the household. Fortunately, however, Captain Dalton, though not self seeking, was prudent. He had his daughter's future welfare to consider; so, when he died, Mrs Dalton found herself in possession of an income that ought to have satisfied her requirements.

Captain Dalton, with other property, had inherited a small, old-fashioned house in St. John's Wood—a house for which it had not been easy to find a tenant. Ivy Cottage being vacant at the time of her husband's death, Mrs Dalton determined to take up her abode there, perhaps for once in her life doing a wise thing.

The elder of the two daughters, from being a lovely child, petted and fondled by all about her, had grown up to be a beautiful woman. That Mrs. Dalton loved her elder daughter more than her younger she would have vehemently denied. But she was proud of Madelina. She looked upon Lena as the one who was to retrieve the fortunes of the family. "Lena would be sure to marry well," said the doting mother; and Lena was consequently educated solely with a view to that end.

The duty of disposing of herself in the best market being early impressed upon her mind, Lena easily acquired the lesson. Self-indulgent, like her mother, she had more talent and more strength of character, inheriting under a calm and soft exterior somewhat of her father's inflexibility of will. She soon outgrew her mother's weak control, and regulated her life as she chose, without much consideration for others.

Bertha was her father's favorite. He had wished to educate his daughters himself, but as Lena's tastes lay in a direction where he could not guide, he was induced to place her at school. In his little Bertha, however, he found first an intelligent and docile pupil, and afterwards, as his health became worse, the most affectionate and indefatigable of nurses.

Bertha felt her father's death keenly. It was her first great sorrow. She had never been much thought of by her mother and sister, excepting as one necessary to their comfort, one whom they could not do without—and Bertha had never been in the habit of thinking much of herself—but she felt very desolate when they first moved to St. John's Wood, without the dear protector and companion who had made the happiness of her childhood.

Mrs Dalton's income ought to have sufficed, but Mrs. Dalton could not do with the one good old servant who had accompanied them from Plymouth. She found it absolutely necessary to have a parlor maid. Then it was essential that Lena should be stylishly and becomingly dressed, and, as Lena could not go out by herself, she must also be well dressed to accompany her. She must subscribe to Mudie's, because she would be bored to death, now that they saw so little company, unless she had all the new novels; and a subscription to the Botanical Garden was also advisable, where she and Lena could walk at pleasure. All these items, and many more, such as her two glasses of good sherry daily, and her cream for coffee and tea, were nothing, she argued; but altogether they amounted to something; and, to Mrs Dalton's alarm, she found, notwithstanding their being in mourning, that her expenses during the first year of her widowhood had exceeded her income.

There was nothing they could retrench in—absolutely nothing, she said to Lena—and it was then a bright idea struck her.

Bertha was a good musician: she played brilliantly on the piano, sang well, and, as her father had never allowed her to acquire any accomplishment in a merely perfunctory manner, she had also considerable knowledge of counter-point. Bertha should teach music—so Mrs. Dalton determined. She might very well add a hundred a year to their income. Half of that would pay Lena's dressmaker's bill, and with the remainder they could go to the seaside somewhere for a few weeks in the summer. It was so unpleasant to remain in London while every one was away, and then have to say, "We have been nowhere."

Thus Mrs Dalton reasoned, and forthwith she informed Bertha of her decision. Bertha was a little startled at first; she was not quite sure that her father would have approved of that kind of life for her. But, always ready to do her best, never shrinking from what was placed before her as a duty, she acquiesced, and Mrs. Dalton was enabled, through a lady who had a large school at the West End, to obtain for her immediate employment. Other pupils soon presented themselves; and Bertha's time was soon so fully occupied that she had little leisure for her own pursuits, and very little for relaxation.

After a time she could not help suggesting that Lena might as well take a few of the lessons that were pressing rather too heavily upon her; but this proposal was met by such a storm of angry reproaches that she never again attempted any expostulation, but patiently accepted her lot as it had been laid out for her.

"Lena must marry well, and her beauty must not be endangered by exposure to sun and rain," Mrs Dalton declared; while, when her mother's pension ceased, and her income from other sources came to be divided, Bertha should not find she had any too much, and it was better she should accustom herself to work for her own livelihood.

Bertha made no demur to the last part of the argument, but still she failed to see why the difference between Lena and herself should be taken so completely for granted, or how some employment of Lena's time would interfere with the great object upon which her mother and sister had set their hearts.

It was this that Bertha felt the hardest to bear. She could not contemplate these matrimonial speculations without a wound to that womanly pride and sensitive delicacy to which the teachings of her excellent father had added depth and strength. Like other young girls, Bertha had her own visions of a future; but, if she thought of marriage, it was as a holy state, not to be entered into excepting from the strongest and truest motives. She would sooner have toiled on to the end of her days than have made a commodity of herself, waiting for the highest bidder. Bertha had learned to keep silence, however, to avoid wrangling, only now and then protesting gently or playfully when she found that she could safely put in a word.

Sir Stephen Langley, while holding a post at Plymouth, had become intimate with Captain Dalton, whom he thoroughly liked and esteemed. He was godfather to Bertha, and always kept up a warm interest in the family. The worthy knight was now an old man, and had retired from public life to an estate he had lately bought.

The Larches, though a handsome modern house, standing in the midst of extensive grounds, needed many alterations before it even approached Sir Stephen's idea of comfort, but he had been principally led to the purchase by its proximity to Alphington Park. The late Countess and Lady Langley had been dear friends, and it was through Lord Alphington's often expressed desire that the Langleys became his neighbors.

As usual, the greatest attention had been paid to Lena's wardrobe. "There was no knowing whom they might meet," said Mrs. Dalton. The proceeds of Bertha's lessons for the term just expired were added to what she herself could spare, and out of this united sum Lena had a new silk dress, as well as a pretty morning costume, and a fashionable hat. Mrs. Dalton brought out a gray silk that she had worn before she became a widow. With a little alteration this would do capitally for Bertha, she averred, thinking herself very generous when she added an old black velvet mantle to cut up for trimming.

Bertha experienced no annoyance at this distribution. Dress was not one of her passions. As long as she was neat, and sufficiently in the prevailing mode to escape comment or criticism, she was content.

There had been a discussion about the opal ring, which Bertha had continued to wear since she had failed to find the owner.

"You had much better not take the ring into the country with you," said Mrs. Dalton. "You'll only be losing it."

"I don't think so, mamma," Bertha returned, looking at it as it glowed on her finger.

"I do believe that Bertha is superstitious about that ring," said Lena.

"Not exactly superstitious," objected Bertha, smiling, "though I can't help weaving fancies about it sometimes."

"At all events you had much better not take it with you," said Mrs. Dalton. "There will be no chance of finding out anything about it down in the country. Leave it with me, and then it will be safe."

"Very well, mamma," agreed Bertha, who never was obstinate about trifles. So on the morning of their journey she reluctantly drew off the ring, and, putting it in a ring case she had, placed it in her mother's hands.

"Take care of it mamma," she said.

"Of course I shall take care of it," Mrs. Dalton returned. "Don't be silly Bertha."

The day was fine for the end of April, and nothing appeared more lovely than the fresh green of the leaves and hedges and young corn, the pastures golden with buttercups, the brook and rivers running full and clear with recent rain; over all were lights and shadows flying, as sunshine and clouds alternated. It was but a journey of two hours to the station where the carriage from the Larches was to meet them, but the two hours were full of intense enjoyment to Bertha, who had never quite reconciled herself to London.

The road from the station skirted Alphington Park for some distance. At one point they caught a glimpse of the fine old Elizabethan mansion. Another turn in the road brought them to the lodge-gate of the Larches. It opened to admit the carriage, which swept with a dash round the drive, and drew up at the open front door, where their host stood to meet them.

"Well Lena," he said, as he handed her out of the carriage, "blooming as ever, I see. I must caution our young sparks not to lose their hearts. And my little friend Bertha—I'm delighted to see you, my dear. But how is this! What is the cause of these pale cheeks? This won't do; we must keep you prisoner till we can send you back with roses like your sister's."

Bertha smiled, assuring her old friend that she was perfectly well. "Don't you know you used to call me Daisy! And daisies are always pale."

Sir Stephen shook his head, but had no time to pursue the subject, as Lady Langley claimed her guests' attention. After an affectionate reception from her, the girls were handed over to the care of a maid, who conducted them to the pretty rooms appointed for them telling them at the same time that dinner would be ready in half an hour, and offering her services to assist them to dress. These they declined, being accustomed to help each other. So the servant, after seeing that their boxes were brought up and uncorded, and begging them to ring if they wanted anything, retired, leaving them to their toilet.

CHAPTER V.

"HOW delightful this is!" Lena exclaimed, throwing herself into an easy chair, as she glanced round the luxuriously furnished room. "This is the sort of thing that suits me exactly. Just get out my things for me, there's a dear—I'm tired. I shan't put on anything very smart this evening, as nobody seems to be here—my blue silk skirt and white muslin polonaise, I think and those blue bows of two shades. And, Bertha, I wish you'd plait my hair for me—you do it so nicely."

Bertha, without reply, opened her sister's box and took out the dress she asked for; and then, going to her own, she brought out her customary black silk, which she had freshened up with some inexpensive white lace.

"If you want me to do your hair, you must make haste," she said, as she began to unfasten her traveling dress. "Don't forget that Sir Stephen is somewhat of a martinet. Woe betide us if we are not ready at the sound of the gong!"

"Of course we shall be ready," Lena replied, roused to activity by the sight of the pretty dress that she was quite aware was particularly becoming to her.

"How tiresome of you, Bertha!" she cried. "You have begun your own hair, when I wanted you to do mine."

"I shan't be a minute," Bertha returned. "I only wanted to save time."

As she spoke she quickly twisted round her hair, confining it with a pink ribbon, and then took in hand her sister's more abundant tresses. Splendid hair it was, silky and golden, and a fitting crown did the rich plaits form to the beautiful face.

"There—now hurry, Lena," Bertha said, as the gong sounded for the first time; "I shall be ready in five minutes."

When they entered the drawing room they found the party consisted only of the Rector of the parish and a young midshipman, a *protege* of Sir Stephen's, who was introduced as Frank Holcroft.

"What a stupid set!" Lena whispered to her sister, as they awaited the summons to dinner.

During dinner Bertha completely won the young sailor's heart by listening with interest to his experiences of sea life. The Rector's conversation turned upon Lord Alphington.

"It is a grievous thing," he said, "now Lord Chalfont and both his boys are dead, that it cannot be discovered whether Mr. Fancourt left a legitimate son; if not, you see the title will become extinct."

"That was a sad affair," Lady Langley remarked, "and I believe Lord Alphington has found out since that his son was not so much to blame as he at first supposed. It broke Lady Alphington's heart—Fancourt was her favorite son."

"Is it true that a claimant has appeared?" the Rector asked.

"I believe so," Lady Langley returned. "But Lord Alphington does not like to say much about it till the proofs the young man has brought forward have been examined; he is afraid of disappointment. I feel quite anxious for him. The discovery that he had a grandson, to whom he could attach himself, would add so much to the happiness of his old age. He is very lonely."

"It is very odd that Mr. Fancourt never made his marriage known to his father, if he was married," said the Rector.

"It is likely that the woman he married—if he did marry, but there has always been a doubt on that point—was of a lower grade. Probably he was afraid of increasing his father's displeasure—and then he died so suddenly."

"Ah, poor young man!" ejaculated the clergyman. "I remember him well—a fine, handsome young fellow, but wanting in ballast. Did you ask me if I met Stodgers the other day, Sir Stephen? Yes, and he was as obstinate as ever."

The conversation then drifted to parish matters, and soon after the ladies left the table.

In the evening Bertha enjoyed a long talk about old times with Lady Langley, and then sang ballad after ballad to please her old friend, Sir Stephen. Her voice was a sweet mezzo soprano, not very powerful, but she sang with taste and feeling.

Lena would not sing; she was tired, she said. She sat down to a game of chess with the Rector, but scarcely cared to conceal that she found it dull.

"If this is to be the usual round, I shall be sorry we came," said Lena, when she and Bertha went to their rooms at night. Two pleasant rooms they were, with windows looking on to the garden behind, and a door communicating. This they left open.

"Oh, Lena, I think it's delightful!" said Bertha. "But I'll tell you something. Lord Alphington and a lot of people are coming to dine on Tuesday, and then you will have an opportunity of trying your powers of fascination."

"On old Lord Alphington? Thanks," returned Lena. "I should as soon think of trying them upon that young Holcroft."

"No you mustn't do that. I can't spare him; he's a nice little fellow, and I flatter myself that I completed my conquest on singing 'Black Eyed Susan,'" Bertha observed, laughing, as she shook down her hair.

"How you could think of singing that ridiculous old song passes my understanding," said Lena.

"Sir Stephen asked for it, and it was a favorite of papa's," explained Bertha.

She hummed softly to herself as she continued her preparations for the night. She felt happier than she could quite account for to herself, notwithstanding the meeting with kind old friends, and the prospect of nearly a week of freedom in the country.

It was the custom in the village to ring the church bells for half an hour at eight o'clock on Sunday morning, to call all the good people from their beds. As Bertha threw open her window the sound of the chimes, softened by distance, and rising and falling on the breeze, fell pleasantly on her ear. Bertha was already dressed. She leaned from the window a little while, enjoying the sweet morning air, and then she roused Lena.

"Get up, Lena; make haste," she said. "It is such a lovely day."

"I wonder if there will be anything worth getting up for," remarked Lena, with a yawn. "Don't go away, Bertha; I shall never be ready unless you help me."

Bertha good naturedly remained, though she would gladly have gone into the garden, and the two sisters descended to the breakfast room together in time for family prayers.

The party walked to church. Sir Stephen never allowed the carriage to be taken out on Sunday, except in a case of absolute necessity. The shortest way led through a wood, forming part of Alphington Park, where a footpath ran, communicating with the high road on either side by a stile. In going, Sir Stephen drew Bertha's arm within his, and walked off with her, the others following.

"I want to speak to you, little Bertha," he said. "I want you to tell me, frankly and openly, what you are doing."

Bertha had no motive for concealment, so she described to her kind old friend their mode of life at home.

"Humph!" said Sir Stephen. "I don't like it. There ought to be enough without your giving lessons, and with work enough about the house, too, I'll warrant. You're doing too much. I cannot allow it. I cannot let you lose your gay spirits and your bloom."

The tears sprang to Bertha's eyes at the kindness of the old man's tone. She was easily moved by any manifestation of affection.

"Indeed, Sir Stephen," she began, but Sir Stephen interrupted her.

"Now listen to what I say," he went on. "I may speak as one having authority, being your godpapa, and your oldest friend. Lady Langley and I have been talking things over. We have no children of our own, and we want you to come and be a daughter to us. That is, if you think you could be happy with two such old folk."

"Happy! Oh, yes, I am sure I should be happy!" Bertha replied. "How good you and Lady Langley are to think of me in that way! Thank you a thousand times, but I could not leave mamma and Lena."

"I don't quite see the force of that objection," said Sir Stephen. "But I'll tell you what. I know you couldn't give up your pupils at a moment's notice—no shirking duty for you or me, Bertha, eh? But Mrs. Dalton and you girls must come down here in the autumn for a long visit, and then we'll talk it over. Not another word now," he added, as Bertha was about to speak; and indeed there was no time for further discussion, as they had already reached the churchyard gate.

The road they had come out upon, after crossing the stile from the wood, was little more than a lane, bordered on one side by the park fence, and on the other by a high hedge and a row of elms. From amidst the foliage there peeped here and there the chimneys of a snug farm house, or the tiled roof of a cottage. The lane had been made to cut off the summit of a hill, and the church stood upon an eminence, reached by weather-worn steps. An ancient yew shaded the ivy covered porch of grey rubble, and from this elevation a long stretch of corn, fallow, and pasture fields spread itself out before the eye, with intersecting hedgerows, diversity being given by occasional cherry orchards, now bursting into bloom, and plantations of young ash trees, from which, at stated times, the poles were cut that supported the hops, now barely showing their first green leaves.

This pleasant prospect was animated by groups of country people, in their "Sunday best," trooping towards the church. The Sabbath stillness was broken only by the subdued murmur of voices, the chimes that rang out from the tower, and the cawing of the rooks in the old churchyard elms.

Bertha sighed as she thought how delightful it would be to live amid scenes like this; but she checked the longing. "I must not wish for it—it would not be right," she said to herself.

As they entered the churchyard gate a gentleman who had been speaking to one of the farmers turned and shook hands with Sir Stephen, and then lifted his hat to Bertha. He was of rather above the middle height, but had a slight stoop, more, as it would appear, from a habit of thoughtfulness than from any infirmity of age. His features were almost feminine in their delicacy, but were redeemed from effeminacy by the broad brow and well-defined chin. His scanty hair was as white as snow, but his moustache yet retained a tinge of brown, while his penetrating grey eyes had lost little of their youthful fire.

Sir Stephen and he walked up to the porch side by side; Bertha fell back and joined Lady Langley, who had just then reached the gate.

"This is Lord Alphington," said Lady Langley. "He always walks through the park to church. He is as simple in his manners as any mere country squire—more so than most."

On their return Lord Alphington walked through the wood with Sir Stephen and Lady Langley; the girls lingered at some distance behind, accompanied by young Holcroft.

The sun shone brightly, lighting up the brilliant green of the young shoots. Here and there primroses and wood anemones were beginning to peep amidst the soft moss at the roots of the trees.

"How lovely this wood will be a month hence!" cried Bertha.

"Autumn's the time," said the midship man; "there's no end of nuts. Come here by-and by, and I'll get you a young squirrel."

Lena sauntered on a little in advance, her gaze directed towards the mansion, occasional glimpses of which were caught between the trees to the left, where the wood was not very thick.

Suddenly a man sprang out of the bushes in front of them. He stopped in some hesitation when he found himself face to face with the young ladies and their companion; but he raised his hat, apologising for having startled them, and, crossing the path, plunged again amongst the trees on the other side.

"What a disagreeable looking man!" said Bertha. "Do he belong to the village, I wonder?"

"He's not a gentleman, I should think, from his appearance," observed Lena; "perhaps he's a poacher."

"He doesn't look plucky enough for that," remarked Holcroft. "Oh, Miss Dalton, I must tell you of such a jolly row we had with a gang of poachers last winter when I was here, after I returned home in the Proteus," he added, addressing Bertha.

So they talked as they walked on, quite unconscious how great an influence the person they had just met was to exert over the destinies of more than one of those present.

CHAPTER VI.

THE day of the dinner party arrived, and with it the expected guests. Lady Langley was a charming hostess. Every one felt at ease, and every one talked. At one time the conversation happened to turn on remarkable accidents, or incidents, most of those present having some experience to record.

"My young friend Bertha Dalton met with rather a curious adventure lately," said Lady Langley; and then she related the story of the ring, as Bertha had told it to her. "It seems to be a remarkable ring, too; didn't you say it had a device, Bertha?"

"I believe it has," Bertha replied. "There is a fine opal in the centre, and round it smaller gems, the initial letters of which make the word *fides*, unless my imagination has much misled me. And I do not think the various gems could have been set at random."

"It is very curious," said Lord Alphington.

During the remainder of the time they sat at table he appeared somewhat absent in mind, and spoke but little, except when personally addressed.

After the gentlemen had joined the ladies in the drawing room, Lord Alphington, taking a cup of coffee from the tray that was being handed round, crossed the room to where Bertha was sitting and placed himself beside her.

"May I ask if you have the ring with you that you found in so singular a manner?" said he.

"No, I am sorry to say, I have not," she replied. "I wore it constantly in London, hoping to find its owner; but, before I came down here I was persuaded to leave it behind me."

"Would you mind giving me a more exact description of it?" inquired Lord Alphington. "I do not ask from mere curiosity."

Bertha complied, not a little surprised at the interest he took in the subject.

"I have reason to believe this ring, so singularly lost and found, is one belonging to my family," said Lord Alphington. "It must be the same; it is scarcely possible there can be two alike."

"Yours Lord Alphington! Oh, I am so glad," Bertha exclaimed—"glad that I can restore it, I mean. How very strange that, when I had almost despaired of finding the owner, I should meet with him here! I thought it could not rightfully belong to the person who lost it."

"What sort of a person was he?" Lord Alphington asked, in some anxiety apparently.

"An exceedingly unpleasant, disreputable looking person," Bertha replied.

"Heaven forbid that he should be the man who has put in a claim to be my grandson!" said Lord Alphington, with a look of pain.

"There is no danger of that, I hope," Bertha returned. "The person we are speaking of is too old—about forty, I should imagine."

"Ah, that is a relief at any rate!" said Lord Alphington. "My grandson, if he really proves himself to be so, cannot be above six-and twenty. It is just eight-and-twenty years since my unfortunate son left England. Lady Alphington wore that ring as a keeper, according to the tradition of our family for many generations. The last time she ever saw our younger son she drew it from her finger and placed it on his, pledging him by this act to live worthily of it and of her in the future. It is strange how it could have got into other hands; he would sooner have parted with his life than have given it away—of this I feel convinced."

Bertha listened with deep interest.

"The ring must indeed be valuable to you," she said. "I will send for it at once."

"I would have begged you to do so," Lord Alphington observed. "There is another part of your story that strikes me," he continued. "You imagine that the lady you called upon knows more about the individual who lost the ring than she chose to confess?"

"I may do her injustice, but I am almost sure of it," Bertha replied.

Lord Alphington sat for a while lost in thought.

"It is very strange," he said again; and then, as another idea struck him, he smiled. "You wore the ring for a month, did you not say?"

"Rather more than a month," Bertha answered. "It was only the second week in March when I found it."

"I was smiling at the remembrance of an old doggerel connected with that ring—a sort of prophecy," Lord Alphington remarked. "Let me see—it runs thus:

> "Who three times nine days the ring has on
> Will live to be Countess of Alphington."

"It is well that those old prophecies should prove false occasionally," Bertha said, laughing, "or we should become superstitious."

Other friends and other topics now claimed Lord Alphington's attention, but before the evening was over he returned to Bertha's side this time engaging her in conversation upon various subjects. He was charmed by her unaffected sweetness of manner, her good sense, and the intelligence and cultivation of mind she unconsciously displayed; and she in turn felt her respect for and admiration of the old nobleman each moment increase.

"Sir Stephen or Lady Langley must have interested him in me for my dear father's sake," she said to herself. But it was not so. Bertha was often passed over unnoticed, and probably would have been so passed over by Lord Alphington, had it not been for the incident of the ring; but no one came into actual contact with her without feeling the charm of her manner, and, while Lena found admirers, Bertha gained friends.

On taking leave later in the evening he came up to the piano, beside which the two girls were standing—they had just been singing a duet.

"Lady Langley has promised me the pleasure of lunching with me at Alphington on Thursday," he said. "The Miss Dalton will, I trust, increase that pleasure by accompanying her."

His glance included Lena as he spoke, but it was Bertha's hand he held, and Bertha to whom he addressed himself, and Lena could scarcely conceal her vexation on finding herself invited merely as a matter of course.

Nor had she found other consolation. At breakfast time on the following morning Sir Stephen Langley asked her if she had found an opportunity for setting her cap at Mr. Hartley, of Beechwood, adding that he would recommend her to do so, as he was a man of wealth and a bachelor, though he did not think it would be very easy to induce him to care for anything but his dogs and horses.

"The more credit there would be to you in achieving the conquest, eh, Lena?" he said, with his hearty laugh.

Lena colored and bit her lip. She had often been annoyed by Sir Stephen's jokes at her expense. It was one thing to pursue a course of tactics, and another to have it held up to the merciless daylight.

"My turn will come," she said to herself, by way of consolation, "and then let them laugh if they will."

Bertha was anxious to despatch a telegram to her mother as early as possible, begging her to send the ring; she was desirous of having it to present to Lord Alphington on the following day. Sir Stephen offered to drive her in the dog cart to the station, whence she could send her message. It was arranged that they should then proceed to visit some celebrated ruins at a few miles distance, where Lady Langley, Lena, and Frank Holcroft would meet them in the carriage, bringing luncheon with them.

On their way to the station Sir Stephen again spoke of his wish to have Bertha as an inmate of his house.

"If you must have Mrs. Dalton and Lena within sight, we will find them a pretty cottage near at hand," said he; "and perhaps we may find Lena a husband, too—who knows?"

"Please do not speak so," cried Bertha, tears springing to her eyes.

"Well, I won't, if it vexes you, Daisy," said Sir Stephen, giving her the old pet name. "But I know how it was before you left Plymouth, remember; and, mark me—though it is of your mother—I must say it—Mrs. Dalton has not done wisely in putting such ideas into Lena's head. If the girl is determined to be married, she will find a husband. She is a beauty, there's no denying. But what I'm afraid of is that, if she doesn't settle well before long, she'll be falling a prey to some scapegrace. You look after her, Bertha. You've sense enough for them all."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Much needed definition: "What is a cold?" asks a daily paper. Well, sir, suppose you begin by sneezing so hard you nearly break your neck and bite your tongue terribly. Then your nose gets stuffed up and you need about fourteen handkerchiefs a day, and the end of your nose more tender than a boil. And your eyes ache and are watery, and you begin to cough so the folks over the way can't sleep, and you feel sore all over, as though you had been under a fire engine, and you're ugly and kick the dog and chase the cat with a bootjack, tell your wife she can't cook and make the household a gehenna for ten days. Then you've got a cold.

Our New Premiums.

Some of our readers seem to think our Diamante Brilliants can be obtained for 10 cents; some, more generous, send us 87 cents; and others are under the impression that they are entitled to a ring, a pair of earrings, or a stud, and the Post one year for $2.00. If our friends knew the real value of these Premiums, they would gladly accept our very reasonable terms. Any one of the new Premiums costs us more in actual cash than 12 copies of the Post. Please don't forget this, and you will save us no end of trouble.

For $2.00 and 10 three-cent stamps we send by Registered Mail any one of the Premiums and extend your present subscription one year, or send the paper one year to any address you desire. For a club of two subscribers one year, at $2.00 each, we give the sender any one of the Premiums; for $6.00 any two Premiums, and three yearly subscriptions; and for $8.00 all three Premiums and four subscriptions. We could sell any of the Diamante Brilliants readily for $5.00 without the Post, for similar articles sell in Philadelphia now for from $5.00 to $15.00 each.

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More Recipients Heard From.

Georgetown, Scott Co., Ky., April 20, 1881.
Editors Saturday Evening Post:—I received the premium earrings in due time. They are very beautiful. Look like real diamonds. I think more than your represent them. Accept thanks. M. J.

Nashville, Tenn., April 20, 1881.
Editor of the Post:—I am exceedingly pleased with both paper and earrings, and consider either one, alone, worth the price. MRS. H. M. L.

Pendleton, Mo., April 21, 1881.
Editors Post:—The premium ring has been received. I am much pleased with it. The paper is ahead of all others. I wish it success in every house in the land. K. F. L.

Port Chester, N. Y., April 20 1881.
Editors Post:—The earrings received. Am very much pleased. Found them as described. Thanks for so nice a present. Will continue to do all I can for the Post. MRS. L. A. S.

Bridgewater, Conn., April 18, 1881.
Editors Saturday Evening Post:—I received my earrings yesterday by registered mail for which please accept thanks. I must say that I am disappointed they so far exceed my expectations. They are splendid in every particular either quality, appearance or workmanship. MRS. G. H. N.

Calvorsville, Pa., April 15, 1881.
Editors Saturday Evening Post:—I received premium. I am very much pleased with it. I also think the paper splendid. More anon. E. E. C.

Goliad Co., Ohio, April 15, 1881.
Editors Saturday Evening Post:—Have received the first copy of Post and premium ring. I am perfectly delighted with both, and will take pleasure in recommending them. MRS. C. D.

Hodgensville, Ky., April 13, 1881.
Editors Post:—I received my ring, and am well pleased with its beauty, and think it a nice present, and the paper we are all delighted with. I will do all I can for the Post. R. W.

Springfield Ill., April 21, 1881.
Editor Post:—The premium Diamante Brilliante stud received. A perfect beauty and much admired. L. C.

Phillipsburg, M. T., April 16, 1881.
Editor Saturday Evening Post:—I received the premium ring to day. It is splendid and certainly worth more than the price of the Post. Accept thanks. F. T.

Camp Knox, Ky., April 16, 1881.
Editors Post:—The ring premium just at hand. Think it is elegant. MRS T. R. L.

Maple Hill, Tioga Co., Pa., April 22, 1881.
Editor Post:—The papers came to hand all right, also the ring, for which please accept thanks. We think it elegant—and as for the Post it used to be a familiar friend years ago, and now I welcome it again to my home. MRS. E. F. P.

McKinney, Texas, April 14, 1881.
Editor Saturday Evening Post:—I received the ring. I am well pleased with it. It is a great deal better than I expected. It is beautiful. Accept my thanks. I can't do without your paper. You will hear from me again soon. M. E. J.

Wilsonville, Ala., April 14 1881.
Saturday Evening Post:—I received the ring and am very much pleased with it. It is very beautiful. Accept my thanks. The Post I consider a most excellent paper. I intend to take it as long as I can. M. A.

Carrsville, Livingstone Co., Ky., April 16, 1881.
Editors Post:—Your earrings I have received, and am very much pleased with them. I find them as you represented. Will do all I can for you. M. O. N.

Bryan, Tex., April 14, 1881.
Saturday Evening Post:—We have all received our rings that sent for your paper, which is well worth the money. All are well pleased with their gift. MRS. M. C.

Alfred Centre, N. Y., April 13, 1881.
Editor Post:—Papers and premium duly received. Am very much pleased with both. Many thanks for your beautiful present. I am about to leave town, but shall certainly recommend your charming paper wherever I go. G. M. H.

Raleigh, N. C., April 21, 1881.
Messrs. Editors:—I received your new premium earrings. I am highly pleased with them. Think them well worth the money paid, aside from the paper. I would not be without the paper alone for twice the amount paid for it. A. J. E.

With such indorsements, such a paper, such premiums, at such a low price, we hope to receive a renewal from every subscriber on our books.

Address, THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,
726 Sansom Street, Philada.

Daisy's Dreams.

BY MAUD MURRAY.

"HUSH! What a voice!"

Two gentlemen, who were tramping dried sticks and leaves in a woodland path, stopped as the foremost one held up a warning hand and spoke.

"What a voice!" he repeated, as a verse of an old Scotch song rang out on the air.

"And as sweet as it is clear," said his companion, in a low tone. But cannot we get one peep at the singer?"

Very cautiously they crept along until, unseen themselves, they came to a spot where Daisy Cameron was plaiting straw hats, and singing as she worked.

"Strange!" Hilman Brent whispered; "she looks like a perfect little rustic, but that voice has been carefully trained by a master."

He spoke a little too loudly. Daisy looked up, and seeing two faces only half concealed by foliage spying upon her privacy, started to her feet, evidently intending to run away. But a tall, gray-haired man, with a kindly face came hastily forward.

"Do not let us disturb you," he said courteously. "We are only passing through the woods to our hotel at Monkland's Glen."

"You are a long way from there," Daisy said too ignorant of the world's ways to be shy; "it is fully five miles from here."

"Yes," said Harry Dinsmore, whose youthful eyes had detected the girl's beauty as quickly as his companion had the marvels of her voice, "we have had a long walk. May we rest in your bower?"

"Certainly," was the smiling reply; "the woods are not mine, though they are seldom visited that I fear I sometimes feel as if they were my own."

"You live near by, then?" asked Hilman Brent.

She pointed to a small, very small house, half hidden in trees.

"We live there—Aunt Jane, myself, and the piano. There are some hens, a cow, and a cat to share our home; but there is not much else there. We seldom see a strange face. I will get you a glass of milk."

She had gone before they could make any objection, returning soon with a tray, upon which were glasses of milk, a dish of large strawberries, and some slices of cake.

"Aunt Jane has gone over to Forrester's Mill," she said, "Where Milly Forrester is dying, but I found some fresh cake."

She put her tray down and resumed her straw plaiting, but her eyes strayed often to the handsome face of Harry Dinsmore, whose air of high breeding and careless grace were different from the rustics round her.

Presently she said, frankly, and yet not rudely—

"You are like my father! He was a gentleman and I have seen no one like him since he died. He was George Cameron, the violinist."

"Dead! Did you say he was dead?" Hilman Brent cried quickly. "I had not heard of that."

"You knew that he lost the use of his right hand perhaps?"

"Yes, I knew of that. The whole musical world mourned for his accident."

"It broke his heart," the girl said, gently. "He came here to try to forget, but he could not. I was but a little girl then, but after a while he began to teach me to play and sing. He thought I would be a great singer some day; but all that is past." My father died a year ago, and I have no money to finish my studies or go to great cities. So I plait straw hats, and, like my father, I try to forget my dreams of fame and music."

"If there was an opportunity made for you?"

"Ah," she cried, with a deep, full breath, "if there were. But, don't!—don't waken the old dream! I cannot bear it!"

* * * * *

In a superbly furnished sitting-room in one of the London great hotels a woman paces up and down, often pausing to listen intently for some sound in an adjoining room; often striking her hands together in a passion of grief.

"He will die!" so her thoughts run—"he will die, and I have killed him! He has been my benefactor, my friend, and I loved him as I loved my own father! But he will die of this sorrow and disappointment! What could I do? Oh, my heart must break if he dies!"

"Margaret!"

A faint call, but I heard distinctly. In a moment the despairing woman is changed to a tender nurse, and with quick steps moves into the next room, where, upon the bed, lies a man sick unto death.

"Margaret!" he repeated.

"I am here," Margaret replied, in a hoarse voice, evidently used with pain and difficulty.

"My poor child!" he whispered.

In a moment she is kneeling beside him, weeping bitterly, her whole frame shaken by sobs.

"Oh, tell me you forgive me!" she pleaded. "After all that you have done for me I have failed you at last! Say you forgive me!"

"My poor child," he repeated, "what have I to forgive? You must not grieve so, Margaret."

"But I have disappointed you."

"In one thing only. Will it comfort you to know, when I leave you, that for five years you have been the very sunlight of my life? When I took you from your country home to train you for a great singer, I did not know that I was taking a loving daughter into my heart. When I gave you advantages for cultivating your voice I grudged the time your studies stole from me. I was jealous of your piano, your violin, your voice, but I did not let you know that."

"Never! I would have given them all up if you had asked me."

"But I would not do that. Even after I became the paralysed cripple I have been for three long years I would not let your studies cease. Your triumphs in concerts were very precious to me, and you must not think my illness last night——"

"I caused it!—I caused it!" she cried. "I was so proud, so glad! At last I was to sing in opera. Aunt Jane told me my dress was perfect, and you smiled when I bade you good night, as if you, too, were proud of the girl you had taken from obscurity to make one of the queens of song. Can you follow me to the opera house? Can you see me waiting for the signal to go forward? Can you hear the storm of applause that greeted me? Then!—then! Ah, if I had died then! When I opened my lips to sing, no sound came. In vain I strained every nerve and muscle. In my throat came a gurgle hoarse and faint! That was all. I staggered back and fainted. Ah, pity me, forgive me! I would not have disappointed you, wasted all you have lavished upon me, if I could have helped it. When I reached home and found you had had a second stroke, I felt like your murderer, for I knew I was the cause."

"Margaret, let me speak! My child, this second stroke came on before you could have reached the opera-house, when I thought of you as proud and glad, successful in your art, a queen of song."

"You say that only to comfort me," she said wistfully.

"I did not know of your failure until an hour ago, when your Aunt Jane told me."

There was a long silence, broken only by the sobs of Margaret Cameron, who was weeping softly now all the passionate despair gone from her heart. Her failure was not the cause of Hilman Brent's illness, and she could bear it.

Presently the faint voice spoke again.

"Margaret, would you be glad if I told you your failure was not a sorrow to me. I see things more clearly now than I did when I took you from your old home. Music was my idol then, fame in its world seemed to me the highest good to be attained, but now—ah, Margaret, I have a confession to make. Harry Dinsmore loves you, but his father exacted from him a promise that he would never marry a public singer. He begged of me to give up my ambitious dreams for you, and let him woo you for his wife, but I bade him wait, and when your studies were completed let you make your own choice."

"Did he come yesterday?"

"Yes."

"And you?"

"I told him that I could not be so ungrateful to you as to throw aside all the years of expense you had given me. I told him when I could repay you it would be time enough to talk of giving up my art. But I can never repay you now."

"You owe me nothing. Your love and care long ago repaid me for all I could do for you. Do you love Harry Dinsmore?"

"Ah, yes! I have always loved him," she said.

"Can Mr. Dinsmore come in?" asked Aunt Jane, at the door.

But Harry Dinsmore did not wait for the answer. He was at the bedside, raising the kneeling figure in his arms, saying, exultingly, "Now you are mine! My rival was your voice! Now there is nothing between your heart and mine. Uncle Hilman, will you give Margaret to me?"

"With all my heart!"

"But I cannot leave you!" Margaret cried.

"Harry will not ask that. Harry, do not wait long; let me see my children happy before I die."

So in presence of only a few friends there was a quiet wedding, and Daisy Cameron put aside her dreams to take up the realities of life as Harry Dinsmore's wife, and the nurse and comforter of his uncle. It was still many days before Hilman Brent died leaving his wealth to his nephew and the adopted daughter whose glorious voice had made him a sharer in dreams of fame never to be realized.

The next thing to having wisdom ourselves is to profit by that of others.

BRIC-A-BRAC.

FISH LANGUAGE.—By the introduction of the telephone into water containing fish, it has been discovered that fish utter singular vocal sounds. There is even said to be a large bivalve in the East which "sings loudly in concert."

"NEWS."—The word "news," has been fancifully derived from the initial letters of the words denoting the four cardinal points, north, east, west and south. The idea first appears in an epigram in "Wits Recreations," first published in 1640.

THE TELEGRAPH.—The elephants of Sumatra, apparently believing telegraph wires to be a sort of snare, tear them down and hide them and the insulators in the canebrakes. The monkeys use the knobs and wires as gymnasia and also carry off the insulators. In Australia the aborigines cut the wires and manufacture them into ornaments.

BEARDS.—In the reign of Henry VIII., beards were prohibited at the table, under pain of paying a heavy mulct. His daughter Elizabeth, in the first year of her reign, confined them to a fortnight's growth, under a money penalty; but the fashion prevailed so strongly that the prohibition was repealed, and no manner of size limited to that venerable excrescence!

AMERICA'S PYRAMIDS.—It is probably not generally known that the great pyramid of Cheops, in Egypt is not the largest structure of the kind in the world. The pyramid of Cheops covers only fourteen acres, while the pyramid of Pueblo, in Mexico, covers forty acres of ground and was originally 600 feet high. It is estimated to have been built at least 7,000 years ago. Sun-dried brick is the material of which it is made.

THE OLIVE TREE.—Its life period is not certainly known. The tree above ground will, of course, die out. In fact, in the long course of years it becomes a mere shell, for it dies at the core, but the root does not perish. Out of this springs the new tree. Travelers most competent to judge are agreed that the present olive trees on Mount Olivet, near Jerusalem, are the same that Christ prayed under and his disciples fell asleep under 1,900 years ago, and they are even now yielding their annual crop of fruit.

"COME AND SEE."—There was once a famous French general of the name of Valavoir, which signifies go and see, or come and see. It is related of him, that, taking a solitary walk one evening, he was questioned by a sentinel, and answered, "Va la voir," meaning his name. The soldier, taking the words in a literal sense, repeated the challenge; he was answered in the same manner; and, conceiving himself affronted, fired upon the general, who fell dead upon the spot.

CATCHING BUFFALO.—Large numbers of buffalo are sometimes captured at one time by means of a little aboriginal confidence game. An Indian disguised in a buffalo-skin mask, head and horns complete, is followed by the herd who mistake him for the leader. Other Indians in the rear press the misguided animals onward. Thus decoyed and driven the herd reaches the edge of a precipitous river bank, when the decoy suddenly conceals himself and the foremost ones are pushed headlong over the brink by those rushing up from behind. Another method frequently used is to fire the prairies in the spring, thus forcing the animal in search of grass to attempt to cross rivers on thin ice. While struggling in the water, are captured by Indians in ice boats.

A STRANGE TENURE.—On Palm Sunday in Lincolnshire, England, a person representing the proprietor of a certain estate comes into the church porch while the first lesson is reading, and thrice cracks a whip. During the second lesson he comes to the minister with the whip held upright and at its end a purse containing thirty pieces of silver. He then kneels, waves the whip around his head three times, and remains kneeling till the lesson is concluded. No one knows the meaning or the origin of this strange ceremony, which continues because connected with the tenure of property; but the thirty pieces of silver are supposed to have some association with Judas Iscariot; the whip, with the old processions in which the ass figured; and the three-fold motions, with the doctrine of the Trinity.

A CHANGE OF TUNE.—In 1815, the French newspapers announced the departure of Bonaparte from Elba, his progress through France, and his entry into Paris, in the following ingenious manner:—"March 9. The Anthropophagus has quitted his den. March 10. The Corsican Ogre has landed at Cape Juan. March 11. The Tiger has arrived at Gap. March 12. The monster slept at Grenoble. The tyrant has passed through Lyons. March 14. The usurper is directing his steps towards Dijon. March 18. Bonaparte is only sixty leagues from the capital. March 20. Napoleon will, to morrow, be under our ramparts. March 21. The emperor is at Fontainbleau. March 22. His Imperial and Royal Majesty yesterday evening arrived at the Tuileries, amidst the joyful acclamations of his devoted and faithful subjects.

LOVE IS NOT DEAD.

BY A. W. CROWELL.

The earth is shrouded in a gloomy mist,—
  Black leaden clouds are looming overhead;
The roaring sea no more is sunshine-kissed,
  Since Love is dead.

My heart is bleeding for a little rest
  From all life's sorrows; Fate's remorseless trend;
My head is drooping for a loving breast;
  But Love is dead.

I loved,—but he proved false to me, and I—
  I bade him go, although my heart was lead;
And 'mid the depths of misery I cry:
  "My love is dead!"

"But is it dead?" I ask, and from the past
  Strange memories wander through my throbbing head;—
My pulses thrill as when he kissed me last—
  Love is not dead!

I say it with a great o'erwhelming shame,
  Life's book of Love I have not yet all read;
I love him still, and yet am I to blame.
  Love is not dead?

I'll tear his image from my poor, weak soul—
  I'll hate him till I die!" she fiercely said.
The years go by—all silently they roll—
  And Love is not yet dead!

Ruth's Rival.

BY J. P. CAMPBELL.

DOCTOR LUCIAN VERNE sat alone in his luxuriously furnished library, gazing into the burning coals with a far-away look in his hands the dark eyes, and a stern expression upon his shapely mouth.

A ring at the door he did not heed, but the coming in of the butler, with a bundle in his arm and a lugubrious expression upon his face, he noticed.

"What is it, Dennis?"

"I'm sure I dosen't know sur: it moight be a *boy*, or it moight be a *girl*."

"What do you mean, sir?" asked the doctor, sternly, disliking this breaking in upon his reverie, painful though it seemed.

"It's a blissid baby, sur."

Doctor Verne wheeled in his chair as though Dennis had said it was an anaconda, and repeated, '*A what?*'

"No, sur; a baby, I take it."

And Dennis came forward with the bundle in his arms; a mass of dainty wraps enfolded a wee form, and from which peeped two large blue eyes that looked into Lucian Verne's face, and in spite of the stern look it met, the little rosy mouth was puckered up with a smile. Into his arms he took the little infant, and then beheld upon its baby collar a tiny note, which he hastily detached and read aloud

It was as follows:—

"Relying on the heart of Doctor Lucian Verne, I cast my child at his door and upon his mercy, until it can be claimed by

"A MOTHER."

The writing was evidently disguised, and gave no clue; but the silent appeal decided Lucian Verne, and he said, 'Send the housekeeper here, Dennis."

"Yes, sur;" and disappearing, Dennis soon returned with a kindly faced woman of forty, evidently belonging to that much-abused class, old maids.

"Miss Marcy, here is a child sent to my door-step, and from whom, or where, I cannot tell; this note accompanies it, and I shall obey its request, and care for the little one; so I give it into your charge and to-morrow you can engage a nurse for it."

'Oh, sir, your good heart prompts this, and I hope you will not have cause to regret, but it *will* be pleasant to have a baby in the house, and I'll take the best care of her."

'*Is* it a *her*, Miss Marcy?"

"Well, sir, I cannot—that is——"

"Never mind, madam; take him, her, or it, and care for the little thing."

And Lucian Verne turned once more to his musing: but the reverie was broken, he had become restless, and with quick, nervous step he paced the room, for somehow the baby face recalled haunting memories from the buried past.

* * * * *

Eighteen years have passed away since that night when Lucian Verne's reverie was broken by the coming of that little infant, and in all that time not one regret has the kindly man had that he cared for the waif; for, through girlhood and maidenhood, the child of adoption brought only sunshine into the grand old homestead where the doctor's ancestors had dwelt for nearly a century.

As he once more sits in his library, gazing into the burning embers, few changes upon his face, though his hair is tinged with silver and his form grown stouter, perhaps.

Again the door opens, and in sweeps Felice; but no longer the baby girl, for she had grown into a beautiful woman, with dark blue eyes that seem to read one's soul, golden hair, and a form of rare grace.

"Guardie, a letter just received from Ruth says she wishes me to visit her in the City for a few days. May I?"

"Certainly, Felice; I will take you there whenever you wish to go. When shall it be?"

"To morrow."

And the day after found Felice Verne—for she had taken her guardian's name—a guest of Ruth Rayner, the acknowledged belle of Bradford, and yet less beautiful by far than was Felice.

"We will have plenty of company, my dear, and one who is my special admiration, for he is a naval officer on leave; is rich as Croesus, handsome, and I've set my cap for him, so I warn you beforehand that it must be 'hands off,' for as I tell you, I am dead in love with him," said Ruth, in a laughing way; but she had already laid her plans, and did not wish to be thwarted.

And yet how strange is woman nature: for though Felice made a resolve never to cause her friend a pang of jealousy, and, in fact, to dislike Lieutenant Horace Graves, she had no sooner set eyes on him than her heart gave a strange throb; and as chance threw her with him a great deal during the evening, she went to her room that night conscious that she had met the one man she could love.

And the young officer, too, remembered those blue, lustrous eyes that had looked into his own; and from before his vision flitted the proud face of Ruth Raynor, and upon his heart was indelibly stamped the sweet beautiful face of Felice Verne.

And the days glided into a week, and Felice returned home, angry with herself for loving a man whom Ruth had told her frankly was pledged to her, and yet whose every look and act spoke of admiration for herself.

And a day after her return a horseman dashed up to Verne Homestead, and from her window Felice saw that it was Horace Graves.

'Oh! this must stop, and I will not encourage him; for it is wrong to Ruth," she said, as she descended to the drawing room; but once in the fascination of his presence she forgot her resolve, and she invited him to remain to tea and meet her guardian—an invitation he gladly accepted.

And so it happened again and again, until at last, at the request of Felice, Doctor Verne spoke to him about his visits.

"If my society is distasteful to you and Miss Verne, doctor, I will cease my visits; but I had fondly hoped the contrary; in truth, it was my intention to ask your permission to offer my hand and heart to your beautiful daughter," he said, in a hurt tone.

"But, Graves, how about your engagement to Miss Raynor?"

"An idle rumor, sir, I pledge you, for never had I a thought of more than a friendship for Miss Raynor."

"And yet she told Felice to the contrary, Graves."

"She said that which was false, sir. Why, in confidence, I will tell you that the night of my arrival in town I overheard, unintentionally, a conversation in a room that adjoined mine at the hotel, in which Mr. Raynor was talking to one of his London creditors, and told him that his daughter would soon marry a very wealthy man, and that then his bills would be paid; and inquiry proved to me that Miss Raynor was yet to find the man, while, without vanity as I am rich, I may say that I was the victim selected."

"Lieutenant Graves, pardon me for misunderstanding your motives, and believe me you shall ever be a welcome visitor in my home."

"Then I have your consent, sir, to offer myself to Miss Verne?"

"You have but first let me tell you that she is not my child. I am a bachelor, and eighteen years ago she was left at my door, with a note asking me to care for the little waif. I have done all in my power to do so; but who were her parents I have not the remotest idea, and yet I love her as dearly as though she were my own daughter."

"Doctor Verne, I have heard before this story, and it was told to place Miss Verne in a bad light in my eyes; but it failed, for I love her devotedly, and care not whether her parents were wealthy, poor, noble, honest or otherwise; for Felice, not them, do I love."

Doctor Verne led Horace Graves into the family sitting room, where Felice sat, nervous and miserable; but from that moment she became happy for, without intending it, she had become Ruth Rayner's successful rival.

And six months after there was a wedding at Verne Homestead, and among the guests was one who had not been invited—a stately, handsome woman—who, in a few words, told her story of how, in the long ago, she had loved Lucien Verne, but had been forced by her parents, to marry an older man of vast wealth, who had failed in business a few years after, and taking his own life in despair had thrown her and her child penniless on the world.

Then it was that she went back to her old love, and laid upon his doorstep her baby girl, while she went out in the world to struggle for her daily bread, and although successful, she had never had the heart to take the little waif from the man who had so nobly reared and cared for it; but, now that her daughter was to become a wife, she came forward to prove that no stain rested upon her parentage.

The scene that followed, kind reader, pen cannot portray; but it was a merry gathering that night in Verne Homestead; and when Horace and Felice returned from a year's tour abroad, they found a warm welcome from loving parents, for Doctor Lucien Verne had forgiven and forgotten the past, and the mother of the little waif had become his wife, and at last had sunshine come to them.

DOG AND FISH.

A CITIZEN of London has been for some time the proprietor of a noble Newfoundland dog of more than usual intelligence. The other day this splendid creature, whose name is Punk, came into the house and laid at his master's feet a side of beef. He was closely followed by three irate butchers, who demanded immediate restitution of their property, or payment therefor. The dog in the meantime caressed his master with every demonstration of joy. What makes this affair the more remarkable is that the London citizen had just been appointed one of the beefeaters in the Tower, and this was the first day that he had entered upon his duties. Who after this will deny that animals can reason?

A little boy living in the farming districts of Wisconsin, had been forbidden by his parents to build bonfires on the barn floor. Disregarding these instructions, he lately gathered a number of the dry and inflammable twigs of sweet-briar, which grows so plentifully in that region, and proceeded to indulge in his favorite amusement. His only companion, a little spaniel, besought him to desist by barking violently and running to the well near by; but finding these efforts in vain he scampered into the kitchen, and tugging at the apron strings of the farmer's wife, led her to the barn in time for her to extinguish the flames, "thus preventing," as a local reporter beautifully writes, 'a fearful Holocaust, in which that devouring element, the Fire Fiend, would have revelled with tongues of forky joy." The little boy before nightfall received such admonitions that he has not yet forgiven the faithful spaniel.

A resident of New York State has a beautiful babe, aged two weeks. The little innocent was playfully gambolling about the curb of the well under the charge of his brother, aged two and a half years, when she tumbled over the curb into the well. Little Nehemiah was for a few moments in despair, for his mother was at the time away attending a meeting of the Dorcas Society; but, soon recovering his presence of mind, the little hero seized a long pole of dogwood that happened to be lying near by and successfully fished his sister out. The little maiden had battered her head against the stone coping, had knocked out seven teeth, had jammed her nose nearly to the back of her head, had broken a leg and sprained her wrist, and was nearly suffocated by the water, but was otherwise uninjured. The sagacity of the dog wood is well known to naturalists, but it has seldom before been so plainly manifested.

The monks of St. Bernard, as everybody knows, are the owners of a rare and valuable breed of dogs. When the Alps are overwhelmed with snow these faithful creatures go out amidst the blinding storms and dig up frozen, half-buried travelers. A Swiss German journal states that last month one of these noble animals, unable to find a wandering traveler in the snowy pass, dashed down into the village at the foot of the mountain, and grasping the village butcher in his mouth conveyed him, despite his struggles, to the distant Hospice. As the man was pretty well frozen by the time he got there, the monks had the usual difficulty in resuscitating him, only succeeding after administering internally two quarts of strong brandy. The intelligence of the dog, though in this case somewhat misdirected, is a strong proof of canine sagacity.

The leaping salmon is celebrated for his skill in jumping up stream over obstructions in a river course. In one of his recent contributions a scientist writes that on his recent trip to Canada, a fine salmon found his voyage of discovery interrupted by a cascade too high for him to leap over. A ship canal exists at this point for the purpose of affording a passage to vessels. The salmon saw a ship coming, followed it into the canal, and thus availed himself of an easy passage to the upper stream. "By what mental process," he asks, "did this Canadian salmon deduce the object and purpose of the canal? We pause for a reply."

It may be remarked by the skeptical reader that these fish and dog stories possess attributes calculated to awaken the incredulity of the reader. To this, we can only say that though the preceding narratives may excite astonishment they are in no way more remarkable and demand no greater faith than those which are all the time going the rounds of the press in relation to animals and their sagacity. S. U. W.

The Princess Louise will visit Saratoga Springs during the summer.

CRICKET AND LOCUST.

THE foreign visitor who chances to be in some parts of Italy on Ascension Day is surprised at being awakened in the morning by a street cry, "Singers! Who wants a singer!" and his wonder is scarcely lessened when, on descending to the street, he finds that the loudly vaunted songsters are not members of the feathered tribe as he had perhaps supposed, but black field-crickets or pale green tree-grasshoppers, imprisoned in small wicker cages. The little captives, who are supplied with fresh leaves for their solace, are bought eagerly for a few cents each, and are kept in durance for the remainder of their days, sometimes surviving their liberty for three or four months. To buy one's grasshopper ready caged is however but a tame expedient, resorted to by those who have not leisure or spirit to run him down themselves, for the cricket-hunt is the orthodox amusement of the day. Unworthy as is the object of the chase, its pursuit furnishes the pretext for a very pretty holiday; the parks then are gay with merry groups, youths and maidens racing down the long alleys, and children gambolling under the trees, earnest in the sport, furnished by such exceedingly "small deer." Meantime it remains a mystery why the cricket should furnish the motive of this gipsy merry-making, for while usage is nowhere stronger than in Italy tradition as to the origin or meaning of popular observances is scanty in the extreme. It would seem that in ancient Greece the power of warding off sinister influences was ascribed to the grasshopper. Some idea of good luck may therefore be associated with it in the popular mind, as it is with the domestic cricket in this country, so that it may be brought into the house as a sort of charm against misfortune. It was a favorite device on Roman gems and signets. In one a grasshopper charioteer is drawn by butterflies; in another, an attenuated figure strides off with a locust of giant proportions on his back. One of the Pompeian frescoes, again, is a caricature of a team of grasshoppers harnessed to a chariot, probably in reference to the fanciful resemblance of the insect's head to that of the horse, which has procured for the locust the Italian name of little horse.

FAMOUS SHOEMAKERS.—The cobbling craft has produced many illustrious men. Hans Christian Andersen, the famous Danish writer of children's stories, who needs no introduction, may head the list and Hans Sachs, of Nuremberg, who, though he made shoes all his life, yet also made 6,000 poems, plays, farces, and rhyming fables, may be put next. Sir Cloudesley Shovel, a great English Admiral, was a shoemaker until he listed in the navy, and so was Sir Christopher Mings, another English Admiral. John Hewson, one of Cromwell's Colonels, and a signer of Charles I.'s death warrant; Samuel Bradburn, the "Demosthenes of Methodism," as well as a Bishop; James Lackington, whose catalogue of publications reached the total—enormous for that time—of 80 000 volumes in 1787—all these were cobblers at first, if not at the last. Continuing the English list, William Gifford, whose body is buried in Westminster Abbey, a famous satirist who wrote an account of poverty on the soles of shoes; George Fox, the arch-Quaker; William Carey, a missionary famous a century ago, and who read the proofs of the Bible in twenty seven Oriental languages; Samuel Drew, "the Locke of the nineteenth century," whose experience as an author led him to formulate the sad truth that "the man who makes shoes is sure of his wages, but the man who makes books is never sure of anything;" Thomas Holcroft, whose name is not nearly so well known as that of a single one of his plays, "The Road to Ruin;" John Pounds, whom school children cried at being turned away from—all these, and lesser lights too numerous to mention, were English shoemakers. Coming to our own country, Roger Sherman, one of the "signers," leads the list in time, but Vice President Henry Wilson in rank. These are followed by multitudes of lesser lights.

THE RIGHT SERMONS.—We want sermons that bears not only on the "sinfulness of sin," but on the rascality of lying and stealing, that banishes small measures from counters, small baskets from the stalls, sand from sugar, chicory from coffee, lard from butter, strychnine from wine, and water from milk-cans. The religion that is to advance the world will not put all the big strawberries and peaches at the top, and the bad ones at the bottom. It will not offer more baskets of foreign wine than the vineyards ever produced bottles, and more barrels of finest flour than all the wheat-fields grow and mills grind. It will not let a piece of velvet that professes to measure twelve yards come to an untimely end in the tenth, nor all wool delaines and all linen handkerchiefs be amalgamated with clandestine cotton, nor coats made of old woolen rags pressed together be sold to the unsuspecting public as broad cloth. It does not put bricks only worth $9 per thousand into chimneys it contracted to build of better materials, nor smuggle white pine into floors that have paid for yellow deals. M. S.

REST.

BY MARGARET D. WOODS.

To spend the long, warm days
Silent beside the silent-flowing stream,
To see—not gaze,
To hear—not listen, thoughts exchanged for dreams.

See clouds that slowly pass,
Trailing their shadows o'er the far, faint down,
And ripening grass,
While yet the meadows wear their starry crown.

To hear the breezes sigh
Cool in the silver leaves like falling rain,
Pause and go by,
Tired wanderers o'er the solitary plain.

See, far from all affright,
Shy river creatures play hour after hour,
And night by night
The white moon brooded like a hemlock-flow'r

Thus, lost to human things,
To blend at last with Nature, and to hear
What song she sings,
Low to herself, when there is no one near.

THE LOST WIFE.

BY J. F. SMITH.

CHAPTER XLI.—(CONTINUED.)

"LET me be just to her," replied the unhappy wife. "It was rumored previous to my ill-starred marriage that my lord was engaged to her, but she herself assured me to the contrary, congratulated me so warmly with an appearance of such sincerity, that I dismissed the report from my mind, and believed in her professions of friendship till the fatal discovery in Paris."

"Which revived the hopes," thought the lawyer.

"She and my husband were the only persons present when it was made."

"And yet it became public!"

"Within a few hours. A paragraph appeared in the *Galignani* giving a detail of the circumstance. It must have come from her."

"A shrewd guess."

"Or my husband."

"That," observed Mr. Quarl, "I do not think likely; and you are perfectly in the right to be upon your guard against that woman. The necessity of your return to the Priory is now doubly clear," he continued; "you must fight the battle for your rights inch by inch, give no vantage-ground by your absence. You recollect the old proverb: 'The absent are always in the wrong.'"

"I could do so," answered Lucy, "were I sustained by the consciousness of my position, but the cruel law disarms me. It is not the weapons of my enemies that I fear, but their covert sneers, the mockery of their respect. You cannot tell," she added, bursting into tears, "how bitter are the wounds such mortifications inflict upon the heart of a woman. It is agony—almost death."

Despite the loathing with which she yielded, Lucy remained firm to the decision she had taken, and wrote to her husband that in three days she would be at the Priory. There was not one word of reproach in her reply. It was the submission of the martyr to the cruelty of the executioner.

Again Lord Rislip had the inexcusable imprudence, not to say baseness, to show her letter to the enemy of her repose—Eleanor Charlton.

"It is scarcely complimentary to your friends and guests, my lord," she observed, "Lucy does not even mention us; but I congratulate you on her obedience."

In speaking of the woman she hated, the false friend invariably designated her by her Christain name, and so avoided the necessity of using her title.

"It is not very graciously worded," said his lordship moodily.

The next day a letter arrived from Madame Pishert, stating that the Countess of Rislip had been seized with a brain fever, and was too seriously ill to be removed. Had the communication ended there all might have been well, but the writer proceeded to give in the most energetic terms her opinion of his conduct to her cousin, and to throw out broad hints as to the presence of Miss Charlton at the Priory.

"A subterfuge," muttered the poor angrily; "she merely feigned compliance without intending to return. What a ridiculous position it will place me in with the friends to whom I have announced her return."

As usual, he consulted his evil genius on the occasion.

"I can give no opinion," replied the lady, "till I have seen the letter of madame. It is just possible that the statement may be true."

The secret wishes of the speaker were father to the thought.

Forgetting the broad and not very complimentary allusion to herself, Lord Rislip placed in her hand, from that moment, the game she had so cleverly played for and won.

"Insolent!" said Eleanor Charlton after reading it. "I can trace the hand of a jealous woman in every line. The writing may be Madame Pishert's but the dictation is Lucy's."

"She cannot be so ungrateful."

"To compromise my reputation! I appeal to yourself, my lord," continued the hypocrite, "if my conduct has not been invariably that of a friend—above suspicion."

"Most invariably," repeated her dupe.

"No woman can afford to despise such insinuations as are here thrown out. My good name is most dear to me. I shall leave the Priory at once."

"For Heaven's sake, do nothing rashly. Think of my feelings. What will your uncle think? What will the world say?"

"It is the only way to stifle evil tongues. I am not so quixotic as to sacrifice my reputation even to your friendship."

"It was something more than friendship, once," answered the husband of Lucy.

"My lord!"

"Love!"

Eleanor Charlton pretended to be overcome by her feelings, and sank upon a chair.

"A miserable delusion, a caprice, led to the fatal error of my marriage."

"I must not, dare not listen to this," interrupted the fair hypocrite. "Under present circumstances, it is an insult. Recollect, Lord Rislip, that, legally as well as morally, you are a single man."

The bolt was launched, but it did not at once produce the effect intended. A lingering sense of honor and remorse restrained the words she expected would follow.

"Eleanor," he said, "you must not quit the Priory. Give me three days to reflect, to consult, to decide."

With great apparent reluctance, but secret joy, the boon was accorded, for the artful woman well knew that with a person of his impressionable temperament the victory was already won. He was surrounded by her friends, Lucy absent. If he asked counsel, every voice would be against her.

"I yield, my lord," she faltered, "and in so doing have betrayed a weakness hitherto known to myself alone. Do not blame me."

With these words she disappeared from the room.

"She loves me," murmured his lordship, "and shall I sacrifice her to a chimera—a false sense of honor. Never. Lucy herself has broken the bond that held us."

Poor Lucy, the victory of her enemy was already won.

CHAPTER XLII.

IT had been a sad trial for Tom Briarly to behold once more the woman of whom he was so passionately fond. They may say what they will of boyhood's love, but we question if manhood's passion possesses its enduring strength, to say nothing of its purity. He knew there was no legal bar to their union, and the idea of marrying her never crossed his mind. It would have lessened her in his esteem to contemplate her as any other than the wife of Lord Rislip. What the poor fellow's feelings were, whilst life and death hung on the balance, none but those who have loved can understand. Morning and night he rode over to Minerva Lodge, and for ten days received the same torturing reply to his enquiries.

"No change for the better."

His uncle observed his altered looks and distracted air with the deepest anxiety. One less experienced in the human heart would have remonstrated; he wisely remained silent, it being one of those cases in which sympathy and counsel are alike unavailing.

On the eleventh day, the old waiting-maid, Hannah—she always answered his enquiries—came to the gate with a more cheerful smile.

The sufferer was better.

"Thank Heaven!" exclaimed the young man fervently.

"The doctors think there is hope. I may as well tell you all the truth," added the woman, whose nature, despite her sour appearance, resembled the peach more than the crab apple. "They say the danger is past unless some fresh shock should occur; but madame and I will take care of that. No letter shall reach her."

"Has Lord Rislip been?"

"No."

"Nor sent?"

"He has written once," replied Hannah bitterly; "and such a letter. Of course her ladyship has not seen it, and we do not intend she should."

"Why not?"

"It would kill her."

From this our readers may assume that Madame von Pishert had taken upon herself, under the circumstances, to break the seal and reply to it.

"Oh, you men, you men!" continued the speaker. "Thank Heaven! the best of you never could induce me to listen to your professions. All alike, all alike."

"Not all, Hannah, I trust."

"Well," said the waiting-maid, "there may be one or two exceptions, but they are scarce and prove the rule. Good-by, Mr. Briarly. I must not remain chattering any longer. Madame, who has not quitted her cousin day or night, is completely knocked up, and I am to take her place."

"Stay," interrupted Tom. "But one question: Is her mind quite restored?"

"Quite," was the reply. "Poor dear, it wandered fearfully, and all the time of her childhood. She spoke of nothing but the green fields and the garden gate."

Her hearer started.

"Alluded to no one but her brother Frank, and someone who used to meet him there. I never heard her speak of such things in her senses. Good-night."

Tom Briarly rode back with comparatively a little heart. The certainty of Lucy being out of danger had removed a terrible weight from it. Still, he could not help indulging in musings on what might have been if he had only taken courage and spoken out. It was clear Lucy had associated him in her wanderings with the being most dear to her—her brother Frank.

It is extraordinary upon how slight a branch the bird of hope will build its nest.

Mr. Quarl observed the following morning with quiet satisfaction the great improvement in the appearance of his nephew.

"I think," he said, "I shall ride over to Madame Pishert's myself after breakfast."

"Yes; certainly, sir. I am quite ready to go," replied Tom, starting from his reverie.

"I said I would go myself."

"Can I not save you the journey?"

"No," said the old man dryly. "You may rely upon my report."

Mr Quarl took up the morning paper, and began to read, he saw it was useless to attempt leading his nephew into conversation.

"The villain!" he suddenly exclaimed, dashing the journal upon the floor.

"Sir."

"Lord Rislip has re-married."

Tom Briarly turned fearfully pale.

"Read. Read," said his uncle. "Stay, I will read it for you. Your indignation has unmanned you, and I do not wonder at it, considering that Frank has ever been to you a brother, and poor Lucy like a sister."

The marked emphasis upon the last word brought the color once more to his nephew's cheek. The lawyer took up the paper, and read as follows, interrupting himself as he did so to indulge in comments:

"Marriage in high life."

"High life, indeed; high vice!"

"On the 3rd instant, at Rislip Priory, Lord Rislip to Eleanor, the only daughter of Richard Charlton, Esquire, of Dorsetshire. The marriage was quite private. The bride and bridegroom have started for Paris."

"Private! Yes guilt always seeks the shade."

"It will no doubt take the fashionable world by surprise."

"If anything can surprise it," muttered Mr. Quarl.

"Neither the father of the bride, nor Lord Baraclough, her uncle, who was shooting at the Priory, had the slightest idea, as we are given to understand, of the intended event."

"Ah! they have the grace to be ashamed of it."

"Although his lordship's former marriage with the sister of his first wife, Miss Beecham, has never been dissolved, there cannot be the slightest doubt of the legality of the present marriage."

"Poor Lucy!"

"Of the delicacy and honor of such a union, it is not our place to remark. Our readers will, doubtless, judge for themselves."

"Bold, heartless scoundrel!"

"Thank Heaven," answered Tom Briarly, "she is free from him."

"Tom," said his uncle severely.

"I am no hypocrite, sir. I cannot recall the words. What chance had she of happiness with such a man? It is impossible she could respect him after the cruel deceit he had practised. Imagine the daily torture to one of her simple truth-loving disposition of appearing in society, claiming honors mockingly rendered, a rank not legally hers, of knowing that her son had no claim to his father's name. I repeat, sir, it is better the illusion should end; but that opinion does not lessen my detestation of the Earl of Rislip's heartless conduct."

"You forget that Lucy believes the tie which unites her to him to be sacred," observed his uncle gravely.

"Still, it is best that the suspense should end."

"And whilst his lordship lives will still consider herself his wife."

The high hopes of his nephew began to vanish as he listened to the grave words deliberately pronounced by the lawyer.

"And this belief," added his uncle, "alone could justify her remaining with him after the discovery of the legal impediment to their union. The world will blame her, and I confess that I myself should feel disposed to endure its judgment, if she ever married again whilst Rislip lives. But this is idle conversation; she will never, I am convinced, belie the high opinion I have formed of her. You will come to the same conclusion," added the speaker, "when time has allowed you to reflect more calmly upon the subject."

"Poor Lucy," sighed his nephew.

He might have added, "Poor Tom," for the suspicion that his uncle was in the right was already making sad havoc with his illusions.

"Her father and brother both absent."

"Speak not of his father, sir—a cold, selfish, unnatural egoist!"

"Frank's presence would have been a consolation."

"She is not without a protector," observed Tom. "It is my duty to supply his place. Her wrongs shall be avenged by me. I swear it."

"Do nothing rashly," exclaimed the lawyer, greatly alarmed.

"I shall do my duty, sir," answered Tom Briarly, rising to quit the breakfast-room.

Mr. Quarl laid his hand upon his arm and detained him.

"Hear me, rash boy. By what right do you constitute yourself the champion of her cause?"

"As her brother's friend."

"I put the question to your heart, Tom, not your head."

The young man remained silent.

"Listen to me," exclaimed the lawyer. "I am not the unobservant person you take me for. If I have remained silent, it was because sympathy could be of no service. Now, it is my right—the right of affection—to speak. By your interfering in any other than the professional way in the cause, you give a handle to the enemies of the woman you would serve, occasion for slander to justify their conduct, and raise a barrier never to be overleaped, should Lord Rislip fall by your hand."

It was evident that the speaker had divined his purpose from the effect his words produced upon his young relative.

"Your happiness and honor are equally dear to me," continued his adviser. "Will you place both in my hands? It is a great confidence to ask, but I think I have some claim to it."

"You have, indeed, sir. Still——"

"Your blood is hot with passion—mine cool by age and reason."

"It is hard, very hard this villain should escape unpunished."

"He will not escape."

"Promise me that, and I consent to everything."

"And will be guided by me?"

"Implicitly."

"It is a compact, Tom, and trust to your uncle's word, he will not fail you. I must ride over at once to Minerva Lodge, and break the intelligence of this detestable marriage to Madame Pishert—warn her to keep the papers from the sight of Lucy; if revealed to her in her present enfeebled state, it would, I fear, destroy her. The servants must be tutored to silence; one incautious word might prove fatal to the sufferer."

"Would I could endure this great sorrow for her," murmured Tom Briarly, deeply affected by the possibility of the result the speaker alluded to.

"You bear your share, my boy," observed his relative; "but let us waste no further time in idle conversation. Have everything prepared against my return to start upon a journey."

"A journey," repeated his nephew wonderingly.

"Yes."

"And where, sir?"

"To Germany. You must replace Frank, who will return to England instantly. The brother is the proper protector of the sister's honor; it is his right, his duty, and he is not the fellow to neglect it or delegate it to another. Slander itself in his presence must be dumb."

"I believe you are right, sir, but still——"

"I know all that you would urge," interrupted Mr. Quarl. "It is not the reputation of Lucy alone that I would guard, but her life, at the present crisis."

"Her life."

"Madame Pishert is a kind good woman; but lacks that delicate sympathizing nature so grateful to a wounded heart. I dare not trust her to break the intelligence to Lucy. Lizzy, the gentle affectionate Lizzy, must be entrusted with that task."

When the lawyer arrived at Minerva Lodge he was shown into the library. The mistress of the house, overcome by the fatigue of her long and anxious watchings, had not yet quitted her chamber, and the morning papers lay, unopened upon the table. To the surprise of the servant, Mr. Quarl took them up and deliberately placed them in his pocket.

It was nearly midday before madame made her appearance, and the visitor had ample time to collect his thoughts and arrange his plans.

"How is your patient?" inquired Mr. Quarl, extending his hand to her.

"Better. She sleeps. I have not seen her yet, but Hannah tells me she has passed a quiet night. Poor child, poor child."

"Have you received any communications, may I ask, from Lord Rislip?"

"One letter, which in Lucy's state I felt justified in opening. It was like the writer, cold and selfish. There is another with the seal still unbroken."

"May I be permitted to see it?"

Madame Pishert handed it to him, and

saw, to her surprise, her visitor put it into his pocket with the newspapers.

'Mr. Quarl!" she ejaculated.

"The proceeding astonishes you, no doubt."

"Well, it does a little."

"A few words will explain, but let me entreat of you to summon your presence of mind, for the intelligence, if prematurely revealed to your cousin, may bring on a relapse which the physicians predict must be fatal. We cannot be too cautious."

"I have a great deal of presence of mind," observed the lady impatiently. "It is suspense that agitates my nerves more than certainty. What is it?"

'Lord Rislip," said her visitor, speaking in a subdued tone, "is——"

"Dead!"

"Worse."

"Then he is married!" exclaimed the mistress of Minerva Lodge, jumping with womanly instinct to the conclusion. 'The dishonorable villain; the cold hearted pitiful sneak. His wife, for in my opinion Lucy is his wife, all but dying! I shall choke with indignation. What have you to say for your sex now, Mr. Quarl?" she added with passionate bitterness.

"That all men are not like Lord Rislip," replied the lawyer gravely.

"They had not need be."

The strong affection madame felt for Lucy enabled her to master her scorn and contempt for her unworthy husband and abstain from the pleasure of abusing him; mentially reserving to herself, however, the privilege of doing so when she should be sufficiently strong to listen to her.

"Can you rely upon your servants?" asked the lawyer. "I mean, of course, on their discretion."

"Upon all of them."

"Will it not be best to inform them?"

"Only Hannah, at present. None of the other domestics enter the sick chamber."

"Good," ejaculated the lawyer, satisfied with the arrangement.

"And now," said the mistress of Minerva Lodge, "one question: it is almost unnecessary, still it will be satisfaction to know it: the name of Lucy's successor?"

"Miss Charlton."

"I thought so," observed madame; "but mark my words, no good will come of it. She has played her cards most foully."

CHAPTER XLIII.

ON their arrival in Paris, Lord Rislip and his bride, whom for distinction sake we shall hereafter designate as Lady Eleanor, an arrangement which will prevent confusion both of persons and names, found themselves but coldly received by the *elite* of the English residents Society, when it does take a fit of morality into its head, is exceedingly rigid in its conclusions, and the circumstances under which the marriage had taken place excited the warmest sympathy for poor Lucy.

"I am no advocate for marrying with a deceased wife's sister," observed Lady Fane, a well known leader of *ton* in Parisian circles; "but the manner in which Miss Beacham was trepanned into the union bound the husband in honor to respect it."

"I agree with you there," said the Duchess of Pomfret. "Rislip is the only man not permitted to question it. But what are we to do?"

"I shall not call," said the first speaker after a pause.

"Nor I," added her grace. "The fact of Miss Charlton having been the friend of the preceding wife has deceived me."

All the English were not in a position to act with the same independent spirit as the speakers. There were many who did call to whom the well lighted rooms and brilliant receptions of the bride were things not to be despised.

The first evening Lady Eleanor gave her "At Home" revealed to her secrets which, with all her discernment, she had not previously discovered, probably not suspected. That beneath the mask of frivolity and gaiety there existed in the fashionable world an undercurrent of morality, founded on natural justice, which refused to countenance any flagrant violation of its laws.

The absence of her most aristocratic friends annoyed her, although she put a smiling face upon her disappointment, and played the hostess gracefully.

There is nothing more difficult than to keep anything secret in society; some awkward question or blundering observation is sure to render all tacit agreement upon the subject useless. Colonel Mowbray's wife was one of those unlucky personages always provoking an explanation. Some thought her naturally obtuse; others, who prided themselves upon being more clear sighted, pronounced her naturally ill-natured.

We suspect there was a spice of both qualities in her disposition.

"I do not see the Duchess of Pomfret, my love," she observed, after offering her congratulations to the bride. "Such friends as we were."

"And are," added Eleanor, scarcely able to conceal her vexation. "Her grace, I believe, is indisposed."

"It must be very suddenly then," continued her tormentor; "for I passed her this afternoon on the Bois de Boulogne, and she appeared in good spirits."

The bride bit her lips.

"And Lady Fane——"

"Really, Mrs. Mowbray," interrupted Lady Eleanor, "you must apply to my groom of the chambers if you wish to ascertain the reasons of the absence of many of my friends. I cannot bear them all in memory. He will have great pleasure in satisfying your curiosity."

The speaker swept on with a stately air determined to put an end to the conversation which was becoming embarrassing.

"Envy," she muttered to herself; "all envy. Let them say what they may, do what they can, I am Lady Rislip, and should have been years since if that pale-faced girl had not crossed my path."

His lordship, too, had his annoyance. Many of his former friends looked coldly upon him, especially the men, with whom poor Lucy had been a favorite from her simple unaffected manners and winning girlish ways.

"Ah, Rislip!" said one, who passed for the wit of the club; "devilish glad to see you. Accept my congratulations and all that sort of thing. Tired, I suppose, of the rustic simplicity——"

"Sir!" interrupted the peer sternly.

"*Of the country*," added the gentleman with an unmoved countenance, "you have come to Paris to bask in the sunshine of civilised life."

"Something of the kind," remarked his lordship.

"And yet rustic simplicity is very charming," said the wit; "at least I used to think so; but change, I suppose is the fashion of the hour. We know it is the elixir vitæ, the spring of renovation, the renewal of existence."

There was a meaning concealed beneath the tone of *persiflage* which the fashionable husband of Lucy could not resent, simply because it was veiled. So he smiled upon the speaker, whom he would far more willingly have quarrelled with.

"You are a philosopher," he observed.

"Faith, I believe we can cry *Arcades ambo* upon that score," answered the gentleman, who delighted in such encounters. They gave him an additional reputation in society.

The speaker will know that very word he uttered would circulate through the saloons of his host, whom he thus covertly held up, if not to reprobation, at least to ridicule.

All Paris—we speak, of course, of the English who inhabit it—were anxious to see what would be the conduct of the embassy on the occasion. Neither his excellency nor his high spirited wife had left their cards with the newly married pair; it was even rumored they were not to be invited to the balls.

This, however, proved incorrect. Whatever the private feeling of the ambassador might be, he felt that it was no part of his duty to set the seal of official reprobation on the conduct of his brother peer, and cards were sent accordingly.

Lord Rislip and his bride were at breakfast when they arrived. He tossed them aside impatiently.

"I shall not go," he said.

"Will that be polite?" asked Lady Eleanor.

"They have never called."

"Another reason for our accepting. Never meet a slight half-way; our absence would be remarked, and give our enemies a second triumph."

"Let them triumph; I care not."

"I do."

The newly married man did not quite like the tone in which the words were pronounced. He could not avoid contrasting it with the gentle submissive Lucy's.

"Not for the ball, of course," continued the lady; "like all the public receptions it will prove a dull stupid affair—crowds of vulgar nobodies and dull respectabilities, but for the inference that would be drawn from our absence."

Lord Rislip appeared to reflect.

"Let me entreat you, my dear lord," she added, reverting to hear her old tactics of persuasion, "to reconsider your determination."

"As you please."

"Once having gone through the fatigue, we can drop them. I certainly never should think of appearing at a second one."

"It is a pity you never turned your thoughts to politics; you would have made an admirable diplomat Eleanor."

"Flatterer!"

"True, upon my honor."

His wife—we really dislike to write the word, it seems like an injustice to one far more worthy to wear the title—smiled. She had all her life acted diplomatically. The wonder was that the speaker never suspected it, but selfish men are generally blind: a wise provision of Providence, they would be too dangerous else in society.

There was a third person at Paris to whom the ball at the embassy was, if possible, of still greater importance—the father of Lucy, whose quiet gentlemanly bearing had won its way into the highest circles. Was he to be excluded because a nobleman had acted like a villain to his child?"

Such was the question debated at the hotel of the ambassador.

"Certainly not," said his excellency, and his opinion decided the question.

When Mr. Beacham first heard of the marriage of the man who had twice become his son-in law, the first feeling was naturally one of indignation at his baseness. It was not so much the cruelty of his conduct to Lucy, whom he never cared for, as the insult offered to himself, that he resented; but as his anger cooled, a smile of sinister satisfaction stole over his countenance.

"The rooms are too small," he said, after pacing once or twice the luxuriously furnished apartment he resided in. "I positively require a carriage; these hired vehicles are intolerable. I must change my rooms. I must order a carriage."

Having pronounced these decisions in a most oracular manner to himself, the gentleman dressed, and went to lounge an hour away at the club.

Several members condoled with him on the position of his daughter, and all blamed the conduct of her late husband.

"Of course you will call him out," observed one.

"Duels are no longer in fashion," replied the father philosophically; "besides, Lucy has a brother on whom that task may more fittingly devolve. You forget," he added, seeing that his words had produced an unfavorable impression, "that my eldest daughter was his wife, and the child he so lately lost my grandson. Deeply as I feel the injury, I feel my hands are tied. I am not to be the avenger."

"He will escape, then."

"Perhaps not. Wait the result."

Once only before the ball at the embassy did Mr Beacham encounter the successor of his child. As the richly appointed equipage dashed past him in the Bois de Boulogne, Lady Eleanor, who recognised him, cast a triumphant glance at the humble pedestrian.

"They smile who smile last," he muttered to himself. "But for that woman a presence the day I called, all might have been concealed. Rislip would have paid well for my silence. I owe the lady a debt, and will not forget to pay it in due time. Will it ever arrive?" he added musingly; "will it ever arrive?"

Mr. Beacham was standing in the grand saloon, chatting with some half dozen members of the club, who were discussing the cold official reception given by the ambassador to Lord and Lady Rislip, when the last named personages passed by them.

The father of Lucy drew himself up with an air of dignity which he so well knew how to assume, and all remarked that his lordship blushed deeply as he passed by him.

"Faith, then," said Colonel Mowbray; "but the lady did not blush. Her look was full of defiance. I should like to see her humbled."

"Nothing more easy," observed Mr. Beacham.

"Pooh! you don't know her," cried another.

"The spirit of a demon," observed a second.

"Rislip has found his match," added a third.

"What will you bet me I do not force her to leave the ball-room in confusion?" said Mr. Beacham, speaking very composedly.

"A hundred to fifty."

"Done."

"Will you take it again?" asked the colonel.

"Yes."

The bets were booked, and Mr Beacham proceeded to follow the lady into the ball-room, where the dancing had already commenced. The gentlemen followed closely after him, anxious to witness the result of the wager.

Lord Rislip was dancing, and his wife, too deeply mortified by the reception she had met with, not only from the ambassadress, but the Duchess of Pomfret and Lady Fane, who twice turned their backs to avoid recognising her, was seated by herself upon one of the crimson and white divans, once so well known, but now, alas! so rarely seen, for the minister resides chiefly at Chantilly. She felt too deeply mortified to join in the amusement, still her eyes flashed defiance to the opinion evidently against her.

"That man again," she murmured as Mr. Beacham approached.

To her astonishment he drew near her.

"Does he mean to accost me—to obtrude upon me?"

The question was answered by the father of Lucy quietly taking a seat beside her. Her ladyship rose indignantly.

"Do not let me frighten you away," he said.

"Frighten me!"

"Pray resume your seat."

"I do not understand you."

"I would speak with you."

"I have nothing, sir, to say to you. This intrusion is an insult."

"Not in an old man," observed Mr. Beacham mildly. "Age has its privileges. If you thus publicly display your distaste to any acquaintance it will only make our future intimacy the more remarkable."

"Future intimacy repeated the lady. "Are you mad?"

"Not quite."

"Or intend this to insult me?"

"I never insult a lady. Do you know who I am?"

"The father of—of——"

The guilty woman hesitated.

"I see you do. I not will pain you by forcing you to pronounce the name of the friend to whom you have acted so treacherous a part. I will be more merciful. Fortunately for you, she has offended me beyond forgiveness. Beware how you fall into the same error."

"And pray, sir, what have I to fear from your resentment!" You would not dare to strike."

"Oh! for shame. I am a gentleman."

"I do not see——"

"Listen to me," said Mr. Beacham, "and weigh well the words I am about to utter. Your future depends upon me. Incline your head; no one else must listen to them."

Subjugated by the quiet tone of conscious power of the speaker, Lady Eleanor bent her head towards him, when he whispered a few words in her ear.

Whatever they were, the effect was electrical. The guilty woman and false friend uttered a wild cry and fainted.

In an instant Lord Rislip was by her side.

'Villain," he said, addressing his father-in law, "you shall answer for this outrage."

"You judge me from yourself, my lord. I am not dastard enough to offer outrage to a woman, however treacherous and reprehensible her conduct may have been. The conversation between that person and myself has been by her own consent."

"It is false, sir."

"Wait till she can answer you."

"That person," repeated his lordship bitterly. "Are you aware you speak of the Countess of Rislip?"

"I know perfectly well of whom I spoke."

At this instant the ambassador, attracted by the crowd, approached the spot. Most of the ladies stood aloof from the scene, but sufficiently near to catch every word that passed.

"Mr Beacham," said his excellency gravely, "I trust you have not forgotten the respect due to the guest of the representative of your Sovereign."

"The fact of being your guest," murmured the gentleman, with the most courtier-like ease, "would render such conduct impossible, even if the guest were not a lady. Wait till she recovers. I am content to be judged by her."

"Look up, my love," whispered his lordship.

"Take me home," murmured Lady Eleanor, 'take me home."

"Pardon me," said the father of Lucy, "but before you leave I must request an act of simple justice at your hands."

"No, no. Not now, not now."

"It does not refer to the subject you imagine," replied the gentleman.

The guilty woman looked up in his face and shuddered.

"Has there been anything in my conduct this evening that can be construed into insult?"

"No."

"Has it not, on the contrary, been guided by the most delicate consideration!"

"Yes yes. Take me away."

"I trust your excellency is satisfied. I have not abused your hospitality by making the hotel of the embassy the scene of an unseemly quarrel."

"Perfectly, Mr. Beacham; perfectly. The lady has exonerated you."

Deeply wounded where he was most susceptible, in his pride, and puzzled by the singular conduct of his wife, Lord Rislip led her from the close oppressive room, and borrowing the carriage of a friend, which he found in the court-yard of the embassy, drove to his hotel.

"Well, gentlemen," said Mr. Beacham with a quiet smile as they disappeared, "have I won my wager?"

"There is no denying it," replied the colonel, handing him notes for the amount. His companion followed the example.

The winner coolly pocketed them.

"I would give almost as much to possess the clue to the enigma. What say you?"

The winner shook his head.

"Can't make it out," said another gentleman. "It strikes me we have assisted at the first scene of a most astonishing drama."

"Certainly not the last one," observed the father of Lucy. "Every life is but a drama veiled; the only difference being that some have more comic elements in them than others."

"And which do you consider will predominate in the present instance?" demanded the colonel.

"Time will prove; wait the *denouement*."

With this oracular response, Mr. Beacham resumed his promenade through the crowded rooms, perfectly satisfied in more senses than one with his night's work. Three hundred pounds to a poor, but not needy man, was a windfall that did not happen every day.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Air and scandal are much alike; the oftener they are breathed the more poisonous they become.

FILIAL LOVE.

BY P. HENRY BOYLE.

A mother's love can never truly die,
While Mem'ry serves her children—much may fade,
And words and things pass from the inward eye—
Yet something lives of that her love has made.

For love is of the spirit, while its life
Is far beyond the death of dust and clay,
And clings most there where Time's ne'er-ending strife
Has struck the heart's joy-treasures with decay.

So with its power in our breasts we bear
Another soul and conscience, and the thought
Is led by it from earthly toils and cares,
And face to face with Truth and Duty brought.

In true love's safety, and all Mercy's love,
And that which stays when she has left the fold,
Is Heaven's blessing granted us to prove
Tho' all may change, it never can grow old.

And love's allied to hope, and that to joy,
And so her grave may bring us peace and rest,
As much is left, that nothing can destroy,
Of Heaven's chiefest glories first and best.

The grace to feel her presence from the Past,
And learn of all that speaks so kindly there—
That Honor's bloom can only truly last—
That Love is good, and nought but Virtue fair.

A Woman's Folly.

BY OLIVE BELL.

DO some people live dual lives? Sometimes I think they do; at least Ennis Patterson always seemed to possess a dual individuality.

One day she was a woman, whose depth of feeling, tenderness, and great benevolence were sources of wonder; the next she was so hard and cynical, that her flippant speeches shocked you; and as for coldness, a petrified corpse was warm beside her.

"I cannot understand you, Ennis," said Bruce Rawdon, as he gazed into her serene face

They stood on a balcony, overlooking a wide expanse of diversified country.

Ennis, although not strictly beautiful, looked very fair and sweet as she leaned against a marble pillar, with a far-away look in her soft gray eyes.

"I do no not understand myself," she said in a low voice.

"Yesterday, you were all warmth and life, to-day you are as cold as an iceberg," said Bruce, trying to catch one of the white hands that fluttered among the roses that covered a fluted column. "I wish you would thaw out, Ennis, for you know I love you."

"Honestly, now; are you sure?" said Ennis dryly.

"Sure? Why, what makes you ask such a question, Ennis?"

"Because, if you are, I am not. We dark haired women are not easily won; but when we do love a man we love him to the exclusion of everyone else. You flirt with half-a-dozen different girls; how do I know that you are not saying the same things to them?" said Ennis slowly pulling a great crimson rose to pieces.

"But I never seriously made love to any woman but you, Ennis?"

"Didn't you? Why, I saw you kiss Julia Devon the other night," was the cool answer.

Bruce blushed to the roots of his brown hair.

"That was nothing, Ennis—only a stolen kiss."

"Only a stolen kiss," she mimicked, a tinge of scorn in her rich voice. "Well, Bruce, I never believed in letting every Tom, Dick, and Harry kiss me. Since you stole the first kiss from my lips, another's has never touched them. Now, don't you think you should be as loyal?"

"I suppose so," he answers dubiously.

For Bruce was full of physical life and health, and as mirthful as a schoolboy.

He did not see any harm in snatching a kiss from a pretty girl.

"But, Ennis, I do not care a fig for any of them but you." Bruce added.

"Perhaps not, but I cannot trust you," she replied.

"But we are not married, Ennis, or even engaged. You are too hard on me," Bruce protested, a little angrily. "If you loved me more you would confide in me."

"Possibly. But Bruce, want of confidence is what undermines the happiness of so many married people. Where there is perfect love, there is perfect trust."

"So you don't love me?"

"I did not say so. But you must understand that I do not flirt myself, and I do not tolerate it in you."

Bruce looked at her curiously, and wondered why she was so different from other women.

He never remembered to have seen her flirting even in her gayest moments; and he respected her all the more for it.

In fact, he knew that in love or friendship, she would be true to the core of her heart.

How to convince her of the loyalty of his love he could not tell; and hastily clasping her hands in his, he kissed her on her red lips.

"I'll win you yet, Ennis," he said, as he let her go.

Ennis left him hastily, for in spite of her cool self-control, every pulse in her body was leaping wildly.

He could not understand the depths of her love; she could not understand herself, and so the current of their lives was to run on, until broken by some unusual event.

The country around the Elms—Ennis Patterson's home, was rough and picturesque.

Narrow roads wound around rocky hillsides, and over deep crevices, where insecure bridges often made traveling dangerous.

A gay party of visitors were staying at the Elms, and Bruce Rawdon still chafing under Ennis Patterson's quiet scorn, mounted his favorite horse, early the following morning, and galloped up a rugged hillside road.

He knew he was a flirt by nature, yet his heart was wholly and entirely Ennis Patterson's.

Julia Devon's black eyes might have power to thrill him for a moment, yet his love for Ennis went below all such transient feelings

He knew she was pure and good, stable and reliable in every way, and just the wife to make him one of the happiest of men.

He glanced upward, and saw Ennis and Julia Devon driving slowly around a sharp curve.

The ponies seemed restive, and the light phaeton swayed a little as it rounded the curve, and Bruce uttered an exclamation of fear.

"What brought Ennis along this road, I wonder," he muttered, spurring his horse into a sharp gallop.

The loud report of a gun broke the still morning air, and the next instant Julia Devon's scream of fear rang out!

Bruce dashed the spurs into his horse's flanks, and as he reached the curve, saw the ponies plunging wildly, while Ennis, with a firm white face, was coaxing them into submission.

"Bruce!" screamed Julia Devon; "Save me! Save me!"

The scream startled the already frightened animals and drawing backward the wheels of the phaeton almost touched the outer edge of the precipice.

Bruce, who had flung himself from his horse, threw an arm around each of the girls, and dragged them from the vehicle.

An instant later the ponies were lying at the bottom of a ravine, a bruised and mangled mass, half buried in the debris of the carriage and loosened masses of rock.

For one moment Ennis Patterson lay in Bruce's arms, looking up into his face with a look which he never forgot.

All the pent up love in her heart seemed to have welled up into her eyes, and then Julia Devon, who was sobbing hysterically on Bruce's left arm, suddenly threw her arms around his neck, and cried, kissing him on the cheek:

"O Bruce, what would you have done if I had been killed!"

Ennis slipped away from him as if an adder had stung her, and dropping down on a moss covered stone, buried her face in her hands.

"She will never believe in me now," he groaned, as he put Julia away from him, with an inward curse at her folly. "Ennis," he whispered, as he laid his hand on her shoulder; "don't mind Julia, she is only hysterical with fright."

"Perhaps so," said Ennis dryly, as she slowly rose to her feet. "But I cannot help thinking she is more precious to you than you care to own."

"I swear——"

"Silence! I have no faith in you!" and with a last look at her ponies, Ennis went down the mountain-side, leaving Julia and Bruce to follow at their leisure.

Ennis never married.

If she ever regretted her obstinate blindness no one but God and herself ever knew, yet to this day the memory of the passionate love in Bruce Rawdon's blue eyes moves her as nothing else has power to do.

Bruce married Julia Devon, more from a feeling of pity than anything else, for the strongest natures are the tenderest and most pitiful.

Some one has suddenly discovered that cats are never killed by lightning, and it is believed that a dozen of them on a roof would keep thunder bolts at a respectful distance.

Prompt Relief in Catarrh and Bronchitis.

Mr John Butler, of Fort Rads, Louisiana, sent for the Compound Oxygen Treatment in May, 1879. In describing his case, he said: "I have been suffering with Nasal Catarrh for a number of years, but never so much as I do now. I have also a slight cough, which my doctor says is Bronchitis. I am also suffering with Dyspepsia, and, in fact, I am in general bad health." In January, 1880, eight months after beginning the Treatment, he says: "I am now in perfect health. Dyspepsia, Bronchitis, pain in the heart and other complaints all removed, and yet I have not taken one-half of your medicine. My friends all congratulate me on my recovery. My thanks to you also." My weight before taking your Treatment was 118 pounds; present weight, 135 pounds." Our Treatise on Compound Oxygen, containing large reports of cases and full information, sent free. Drs. STARKEY & PALEN, 1109 and 1111 Girard Street, Philadelphia, Pa.

Scientific and Useful.

RAIN WATER.—An English scientist says that rain water tanks made of cast iron plates and whitewashed inside, preserve the purity and sparkle of the water.

PORTAR'S GLUE.—Best glue, half a pound; water sufficient; boil it in a double glue pot, and strain; add a quarter of a pound of brown sugar, and boil pretty thick; then pour it into moulds. When cold, cut into small pieces, and dry them. This glue is very useful, as it immediately dilutes in warm water. It may be softened for many purposes with the tongue.

WOOL, MOHAIR AND ALPACA.—A member has described to the Society of Electricians, England, a method of discharging dry wool, mohair, and alpaca so as to enable these substances to be spun with facility. It consists in putting the bobbins into an exhausted chamber of iron having a metalic connection with the earth. The rarified air permeates the yarn and discharges the electricity in from 10 to 30 minutes.

TO CLEAN LOOKING GLASSES.—Keep for this purpose a piece of sponge, a cloth, and a silk handkerchief, all entirely free from dirt, as the least grit will scratch the fine surface of the glass. First sponge it with a little spirits of wine, or gin and water, so as to clean off all spots; then dust over it powder blue, tied in muslin, rub lightly and quickly off with the cloth, and finish by rubbing it with the silk handkerchief. Be careful not to rub the edges of the frame.

THE SUN AND SKIN.—Climate, as affecting complexion, presents some singular diversities, and the physiologist is puzzled with such facts in this direction as that, at the same distance from the equator is found the fair Englishman, the yellow Mongol, and the copper-colored Indian; to the north of the white Russian and Finn live the swarthy Lapp and Samoyed; north of the Caucasus are dark-skinned Tartars, south of it fair-skinned Circassians. Again, the aborigines of America vary less in color than the natives of the Old World—none of them are as fair as the Swede, none as black as the negro of Congo, and those living in Brazil, on the equator, are not the darkest. In Australia and New Guinea, too, there are blacker men than in Borneo and Sumatra, though these islands are on the equator and those are not.

A TIDE PREDICTOR.—The English inventor of several improved nautical instruments and devices for simplifying navigation, has just added to the list three ingenious and useful contrivances. These are his tide guage, his tidal harmonic analyser, and the tide predictor. The tide guage registers the actual height of the sea level, by means of a float working a pencil; the analyser substitutes brass work for human brains in calculating the different elements which combine to make up the whole rise and fall of the tide; while the predictor, as its name implies, actually predicts for any particular port in the whole world, and for any future year, not merely the times of high and low water, but the position of the water level at any instant of any day of the year. The instrument draws curves of the tides for the port in question, and those for a year's tides are run off in twenty-four minutes.

Farm and Garden.

HINTS.—To make paint dry rapidly use a large amount of Japan varnish in mixing. Powdered chalk added to glue in small quantities makes it hold the stronger.

SEX OF EGGS.—A correspondent of a poultry journal says that he has learned that eggs hatched early in the season will give a greater per cent of cockerels than eggs from the same birds hatched late in the season.

THE ROSE SLUG.—The rose slug so destructive to our rose bushes, may be destroyed by dusting the plants while wet with dew with air-slaked lime. Syringing the bushes with a strong solution of soap suds is also recommended.

CURE FOR VERMIN.—A writer says: "For killing lice on cattle or horses take sassafras roots, boil them to a strong tea; take some old cloth and wash the animal so as to wet the hair and hide thoroughly, and I will guarantee it to destroy the lice. Either warm or cold when applied will do this. I have used this on cattle and colts with the best of success, and no danger of any bad effect or injury to the animals."

GRAFTING WAX.—This wax is made of bees' wax and resin in equal parts, and lowered with tallow till it will melt at a temperature that will not damage the trees, but will harden on cooling sufficient to stand the ordinary heat of the sun. Some gardeners paint one side of strips of calico and bind it round the graft while warm; often a single tie has fixed it in its place. Grafting clay is clay kneaded till all the air is squeezed out of it, after mixing one-four of neat's dung with it.

WILD RICE.—The Canadian Government are said to be trying to cultivate and stimulate the growth of the plant known as "wild rice" in all the inland waters of the Dominion. It grows annually from seed, and induces the presence of enormous flocks of wild fowl in the autumn, which visit these rice lakes and extensive beds for food. Sportsmen's clubs are also taking means to extend its growth, as it attracts game of all kinds. In some places, where it grows prolifically, it has been cut before seed time by manufacturers, who find its fibre, taken from the under surface of the water to a depth of six or seven feet, to be very valuable. It affords, it is said, the strongest kind of fibre known for making bank note parchment paper.

HENS.—Hens like to be secluded when they lay and set; hence nests sheltered from the vulgar gaze will be preferred. The nest should not be so formed that the hen must jump into it, since this sometimes shakes the eggs so violently as to break them. A box with the bottom and one side out will form a snug nest if put next a wall and kept well supplied with fresh straw chopped in short lengths. If rats abound raise the nests from the floor. Wire basket nests are excellent. If hung on the walls of the house a board should be fixed to the wall, near the basket, so that the hen can get quietly into the nest without jumping to. For nest making, such material as is insect proof is preferable. Dried moss is good, also oat or wheat straw. Barley straw or hay are apt to produce vermin. Change the material of which the nests are made often. Hens appreciate cleanliness. Do not, however, change the position of the nest, as it disturbs laying hens, and they may retaliate by laying no egg for a day or two.

New Publications.

We have received a book with the title, "The Legend of Thomas Didymus, the Jewish Sceptic," by the well-known James Freeman Clarke. The story is: Thomas Didymus, a Jew of Syrian origin born about the time of the Savior's appearance, lived in one of the hamlets upon the sea of Galilee. He was thoughtful, and with a mind that brooded over the oppression of his people. He hears of the Savior early in life, but the intelligence makes little impression upon him. In pursuance of his bent towards study, he goes to Jerusalem first to become a pupil of Gamaliel. His mind is unsatisfied under such teachings. The schools involve him in perplexity, and the wrongs wrought in life about him, in connection with the inadequacy of the philosophers to account for them, occasion still more of mental fermentation. This, with a disappointment in love, sends him to the caves of the Essenes, which sect he joins and lives among for two years. Still dissatisfied, he returns to his native village. There, upon the lake, he encounters Simon the fisherman, and and hears of Christ, the new prophet who has come out of Nazareth. Later he meets Jesus, and listens to the Sermon on the Mount. His soul is touched, and he becomes a follower of Christ, though with something of the reservation implied in the name of the doubting Thomas. From this point out the book is another life of Christ. We find in it a record of the teachings of the Savior, and the events of his ministry. The book is well written, contains much new thought, and is, altogether, a very entertaining volume. Lee & Shepard, publishers. For sale by Lippincott & Co. Price, $1 50.

Robertson's "Living Thoughts," a Thesaurus, by Kerr Boyce Tupper, with an introduction by Prof. Wm C Richards, Ph. D., with a complete analytical index of subjects, alphabetically arranged. The clergyman from whose deliverances the book is made up was almost without a rival in the modern pulpit. He was at once one of the boldest and most incisive of thinkers, and a most brilliant master of the English tongue. This volume is a compilation, by a competent hand, of extracts of the keenest and most brilliant of his utterances; the very choicest—the cream, so to speak—of his thought and expression. Every glittering and pungent sentence furnishes material for a whole discourse. To every religious teacher it is of inestimable value—to every layman, also, it is full of suggestion. S. C. Griggs & Co., publishers, Chicago

"Xenia's Inheritance," a tale of Russian life, by Henry Greville, is just published by T. B Peterson & Brothers, this city, and is an exquisitely-told story. It is good in its tone and inculcations, and the plot is fresh and unhackneyed. The different characters that figure in this delightful love story are all drawn with that spirited and delicate touch for which this author is especially noted. A capital likeness of Madame Henry Greville is on the cover, being the first one ever published of her, and the work has been capitally translated by Laura E. Kendall. It is published in a large square duodecimo volume, paper cover; price, 50 cents.

"Miss Leslie's Cook Book," issued by T. B. Peterson & Brothers, this city, is a complete guide to domestic cookery in all its branches, with tables of weights and measures, and engravings explanatory of the pieces into which beef, veal, mutton, pork and venison are cut up and divided by the butchers. It contains one thousand of her celebrated receipts, and is accompanied by a well-arranged index. The receipts are for cooking all kinds of soups, meats, poultry, game, shell-fish, pies, vegetables, etc., with directions for making all kinds of plain and fancy cakes, sauces, bread, sweet meats, desserts, pickles, preparations for the sick, miscellaneous receipts, and other things worth knowing. There are other younger cook books, more pretentious in style of composition and in style of receipts, more comprehensive, more scientific, but not one that is better or more easily understood. Morocco cloth, $1 50; paper cover, $1.

"The American Academy Notes" is the title of paper-backed book, containing illustrations of many of the principal pictures in the 54th Annual Exhibition of the National Academy of New York. The drawings are almost all reproductions of sketches by the artists themselves. There are some hundred or more in the book, which is valuable in many points of view. Each picture is accompanied by notes, thus making it doubly acceptable to both the mere lovers of pictures and art-students. It is edited by Mr. Charles M Kurtz, and well printed and bound. Issued by Cassell, Petter & Galpin. Price, 35 cents.

"How we Fed the Baby, to make Her Healthy and Happy, with Health Hints," by C. E. Page, M. D. This treatise heralds a new departure in the alimentation of infants, and gives every evidence of conscientious and intelligent study on the part of an author of broad experience, familiar with all the details of the nursery. We know this manual will be welcomed by many mothers in all parts of the land, as one of the most important questions with parents is how to feed the baby, to promote its health, its growth, and its happiness. Physicians will know how to prize the work of a specialist in this particular branch of medicine. 144 pages; paper, 50 cents; cloth, 75 cents. Fowler & Wells, 753 Broadway, New York.

The American Book Exchange, New York, proposes issuing John Trumbull's famous Revolutionary epic satire "McFingal" in handsome style. A book so interesting historically, should have a large sale.

MAGAZINES.

The North American Review for May contains a striking article by the Hon. David Dudley Field on "Centralization in the Federal Government." Whatever the reader's bias, Mr. Field's paper will command his respectful attention, and it will be read with interest and profit. The second article is upon the new revision of the Bible, by the Rev. Dr. Schaff, of the American Committee of Revision. Mr. Justice Strong writes of "The Needs of the Supreme Court." The Hon. George Q. Cannon, the first advisor of the President of the Mormon Church, and delegate to Congress, makes a vigorous defence of "Utah and its People." The question, "Shall Americans Build Ships?" is considered by Mr. John Roach, the ship-builder. The other articles are: "The Life-Saving Service," by the Hon. S. S. Cox; "The Ruins of Central America," by M. Charnay; and finally, an attack on evolution philosophy, written in a vein of the finest irony, and entitled, "What Morality Have We Left?"

Fogy had had one small helping of the steak, and Mrs. Jones asked him why he did not take a second instalment. "I was waiting to have it tendered, ma'am," said Fogy. Mrs. Jones smiled sweetly, but her face was crimson. As soon as breakfast was over, and the boarders were gone, Mrs. J. was seen poring over the dictionary for the different meanings of the verb "to tender."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST
SIXTIETH YEAR.

Important Notice!

As many of our subscribers have not yet taken advantage of our New Premium Offers, and yet evince a desire to do so, we have decided to extend the time to July 1st.

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Our Diamond Brilliant Premiums are giving such universal satisfaction we sincerely wish every reader to have at least one of them. In view of their superior quality, beauty, and general excellence, subscribers who call at this office cannot imagine how we can afford such an expensive Premium. In response to many requests we beg leave to call attention to the following

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and an extra Diamond Premium to the reader of the club, and for every three subscriptions thereafter at the same rate we will present the reader with an additional Premium. The whole set may be secured in this way without expense, and as each subscriber in the club receives THE POST one year and a Premium, a very little effort among friends and acquaintances should induce them to subscribe. Please read "More Recipients Heard From," on PAGE THREE, and show them to your friends. If anyone subscribing for THE POST and New Premium regrets the investment after examination, he has only to return the Premium in good order, and he will receive his money by return mail.

Very Respectfully,
THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

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SATURDAY EVENING, MAY 7, 1881.

TABLE OF CONTENTS.

"AN OPAL RING."—Chapters IV, V and VI.
"THE LOST WIFE."—Chapter XLI Continued, and Chapters XLII and XLIII.
"GIRLS OF HONOR."—Chapter IX Continued, and Chapters X and XI.
SCIENCE.
LADIES' DEPARTMENT—Notes, Queries, and Fireside Chat.
NEW PUBLICATIONS.
THE WORLD OF HUMOR.
HELP-A-LEAG.
INDUSTRIES AND USEFUL.
FARM AND GARDEN.
PERSONALITIES.
GRAINS OF GOLD.
EDITORIALS. SANCTUM CHAT.
ANSWERS TO INQUIRIES.
NEWS ITEMS, MISCELLANY AND POETRY.

SMALL AFFAIRS.

WE learn, by common experience and observation, that life does not consist of a repetition of great or apparently important actions, but of duties generally of the most trifling nature. By far the greater proportion of persons move in a sphere of life in which they are called on to perform the simplest and the easiest duties. Life consists of a round of minute trifling actions, unworthy of notice in a biography, and in general no way interesting even to the actors themselves.

But although most men thus pass away their time, and are rarely obliged to put forth any very extraordinary effort either for subsistence or applause, they are necessitated to pay a pretty close attention to that on which they are ordinarily employed. In this consists one of the great secrets of worldly success. On making our choice of a profession—and it does not seem the least consequence what the profession is—or in engaging in any piece of business whatsoever, the trick of success, as we have just said, lies in pursuing it with such a scrupulous attention to trifling details, that hardly any thing is suffered to escape notice.

While we believe few men will exactly contest the propriety of attending to the trifling duties of life, most men will differ as to the exact degree to which the attention should be ultimately carried. Every one stops short at a stage regulated by his personal feelings or convenience. Many imagine that they are sufficiently attentive to their interests, if they only heed the great things, and let the little alone, which they believe will take care of themselves. But this is all wrong.

One of the silly reasons, which young men sometimes give for not being more extensively acquainted with the details of not only their own profession, but the general business of life, is, that it would be low to stoop to make themselves masters of such minutiæ. This dread of doing what is thought to be low is a sad barrier in the way to wealth and respectability. It is told, that Bonaparte considered no detail too low for his inspection, and nothing too trifling to be unworthy of notice. The Duke of Wellington acted upon the same principal, and once said, "I know the number of nails in every soldier's shoe."

The amount of valuable information, on all kinds of subjects, with which many individuals have it in their power to store their minds, and which by incidental circumstances may be brought to bear on some useful object, merely by attending to things apparently trifling—by considering no source of information too low, providing it be an honorable one, is altogether astonishing. The time that most people are consuming in indolence, or with a disregard of the minutiæ of general occupation, others, who are aware of the value of knowledge, are assiduously picking it up wherever it is to be found, and carefully applying it wherever it is discovered or useful. By this means a man becomes impregnable at all points, he is able to say something on all subjects; he obtains the reputation of a man of intelligence; and his force of character as well as his known application, lead him to offices of distinction and respectable opulence.

CONSCIENCE is an avenger. It stands at its post ready to vindicate the majesty of broken law; it rebukes sin with stern voice, and passes its sentence on the transgressor, it is man's best friend or his dreadful enemy. It haunts a man everywhere. It is a flame kindled within his soul, which inwardly torments and consumes him. It is an eternal fact that he cannot reject the guardian care of conscience, or escape the pains of its avenging lash. It is a gnawing worm which secretly preys on his vitals. Though its avenging power may not be felt at once, and he may sin and seem to prosper, and be absorbed in the excitements of the world, despite demands upon us, until we think we have conquered conscience, it will come and have its debt of us, and it will claim its prerogative.

SANCTUM CHAT.

IT is quite common for business men and also those who affect the fashion of the aristocracy to dispense with solid eating at noon. On this subject a leading journal says that the lack of the mid day meal cannot be made up by any subsequent meal, and that although people do not die suddenly for want of it they shorten their lives and impair their usefulness.

IT is rumored that the Summer resort hotel proprietors who, for a year or more past have employed college students to wait upon the dining-room tables, have unanimously decided henceforth to dispense with the services of the collegiate servants. Several reasons are given for this decision, but the chief and most important one is that the students failed to give satisfaction, being incompetent and wholly disqualified by their sedentary and studious habits for the duties assigned them.

A PAMPHLET recently published gives an interesting account of the French school savings banks, an institution of which France up to the present time can boast of having a monopoly. In the year 1848 saving banks were established in upward of 10,440 schools, and since that time they have rapidly increased, particularly in the southern and central departments. In departments in which this useful system had not taken root, the education inspectors are very energetic and successful in encouraging it. There is a large natural instinct toward thrift in the French peasantry, and such institutions as these will tend, more than any other, to develop it in the young.

IN a lecture by a famous physician of London, before the National Health Society, the physiology of recreation was briefly described as consisting merely in a rebuilding up, reforming or recreation of organs and tissues that have become partly disintegrated by the exhausting effects of work. It thus appears that the one essential principle of all recreation must be variety—that is, the substitution of one set affording of rest to bodily structures as they become successively exhausted; and so the undergraduate finds recreation in rowing, because it gives his brain time to recover its exhausted energies, while the historian and the man of science find mutual relief to their respective faculties in each other's labors.

BOSTON total abstinence people are now excited against a prominent clergyman on account of a sermon of his on the evil of intemperance. He took the ground that the war on rum, as commonly waged, is worse than useless. "Beer is not wrong," he said: "wine and ale are not wrong; whiskey and brandy are not wrong; nothing purely material could be wrong. Insobriety, inordinate self-indulgence is wrong, be it a fleshly appetite for particular meat or drink what it may, and eating or drinking to excess is not the cause of profligacy, murder, theft, arson, housebreaking, or any vile, indecent assaults, any more than one fowl is the cause of the flock or brood." His idea is to so educate man that he will take to intellectual enjoyments, and thus lose his appetite for intoxicating beverages.

THE following are the draft rules as to summary punishments in the British Army proposed to be made by the Secretary of State. Summary punishment may consist of one or more of the following punishments: Putting the offender in irons. Attaching the offender while on the line of march, to a cart, wagon, or horse, so as to compel him to move onward at a walking pace. While so attached, he may be handcuffed or otherwise secured so as to prevent his escaping, but he must not be in fetters. Requiring the offender to carry extra burdens or weights not calculated to injure his health. And one or more of the above punishments may be repeated on more than one day, (not exceeding fourteen days,) as the sentence of the court-martial may determine, but in no case are any of such punishments to be inflicted on more than three days consecutively. The offender, while in irons or otherwise attached so as not to injure him, may be moved from place to place or on the march in any wagon, cart, or other vehicle.

THE curious mania for towing about dogs prevails in France as in Germany, and extends even to Italy. Corporations have resigned themselves to the situation and take measures accordingly. Dog tickets are issued on the street cars, for instance at a higher price than those for human beings, the dog's photograph distinguishing his ticket from those reserved for common folk. One can fancy the delight of remote posterity, when engaged in overhauling the ashes of the present decade, as coming upon this evidence of an advanced and highly elaborated civilization. The dogs escorted by ladies in Paris, however, are commonly animals of some style and breeding. In Germany such requirements are unnecessary. The supreme desideratum is to lead around a dog—minor considerations are mere vanity. Now, the dog in Germany is a beast of burden; he draws laden milk carts and earns his bread by the sweat of his brow, in common with the cow and the ass. The type, therefore, has undergone modifications. He is a very grave beast, indeed, in Germany, seldom or never a dandy; yet fashion demands that ladies shall trail him about with them on fashionable promenades. Hence the odd spectacle of daintily appareled dames leading around shaggy, solemn, and ungainly brutes, who tramp along with heavy and deliberate tread, more like grizzly bears than those impulsive and emotional creatures known on this side of the Atlantic as dogs.

PLAIN people who occasionally glance over the advertisement sheet of the London Times will probably have been struck with the cool audacity of some of the appeals to the charitable. A man has a larger family than he can keep in meat and clothes, and calmly shifts his responsibility on the public, whom he requests shall provide situations for his sons and annuities for his daughters. Another—often "a widow lady"—wants $100 to complete her rent, and must have it by twelve o'clock to-morrow. It might be doubted whether this unblushing begging paid. But it invariably does, and there is no better investment for a sovereign than a well considered appeal to the charitable in the columns of the papers. Such an advertisement appeared a short time ago from "three sisters in deep distress," of course "through no fault of their own," and equally, of course, they "had seen better days." The business-like character of this demand (it could scarcely be called an appeal) led someone to make inquiries as to the result. In a fortnight over $6000 had flowed into the coffers of these three sisters, no longer poor. After this one begins to have a feeling of disgust for what is called honest work.

DAISY.

BY S. P.

I meet her in the crowded street,
My Beauty, sweet and rare,
And, jealous, watch the sunbeams play
About her golden hair.

She is the flower of womanhood,
Beyond all others fair,
Youth and love shine in her eyes,
And crown her golden hair.

She passes me with winsome grace,
With grave and modest air,
She knows me not, but I know her—
My love with golden hair.

Oh fairy girl, you love not me,
Nor dream that I can care,—
Yet doth my heart lie 'neath your feet—
My lass with golden hair.

"HELD IN HONOR."

BY THE AUTHOR OF "LADY HUTTON'S WARD," "FROM GROOM TO SUNLIGHT," "WEAKER THAN A WOMAN," "LORD LYNN'S CHOICE," ETC., ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER IX.—(CONTINUED.)

I AM sorry for Sir Fulke," continued the Earl musingly. "I wish you could have liked him, my dear. Henceforward you will not feel quite at ease with Lady Clyffarde, I fear."

"Yes, I shall, papa"—and Lady Iris smiled. "We had a long talk yesterday. Sir Fulke has been a little spoiled, you know; and we both agreed that his rejection would do him good. He has always been a great favorite with women; and it was natural for him to think that his wish was law, and that no girl would refuse to marry him. Lady Clyffarde cried, and was grieved at losing him; but she owned to me that it would do him good. Those Blackwell girls quite spoiled him."

"Well, you must please yourself, Iris," said Lord Caledon. "Years ago I resolved that I would never interfere with your choice, and I shall keep my word. You shall marry as you will and whom you will, providing always that you love the man you marry."

She put her arms round his neck and said—

"I do not believe that I shall ever find a man whom I shall love and reverence as I do you, papa."

This conversation took place a few days before Lord Caledon and his daughter left town. There had been some little discussion as to where they should go, but Lady Iris had said that there was no place like home. So it was decided that they should go to Chandos.

"I should like to tell you how much I love home, papa," she said, "but I cannot. I am always a better woman when I see the gray walls 'held with honor' through so many generations."

The Earl could not help feeling proud of his daughter, proud of her high spirit and of her intense devotion to her race, and he loved her all the more dearly for it; though he was doubtful whether she did not carry it too far, whether it was not his duty to repress her excessive pride of birth and lineage. He returned her caress fondly and then raised her face to his so that he could see it better. His eyes lingered on the lovely features, and something came into his mind which made him sigh deeply.

"Iris," he said gently, "do you know the poet's words?"

"What poet and what words, papa?" she asked.

"Tennyson, and these words," replied Lord Caledon—

"'However it be, it seems to me
'Tis only noble to be good.
Kind hearts are more than coronets,
And simple faith than Norman blood.'

What do you think of the idea, Iris?"

"It is very beautiful, papa," she replied, with a smile. "But I cannot argue. I only know what I think. A cart-horse, were it ever so good, could not take the place of a race-horse, could it?"

"My dearest Iris, what a comparison! There—we will not argue any further!"

"Ah, papa, that is because you are beaten!" she said.

"You shall think so, my dear, if you will. I see that I must leave all to time, Iris. I think, my dear, you are on the side of pride. You seem to think that all excellent qualities are monopolized by people of good birth. You are mistaken. Each rank in life has its virtues. Time will have to be your teacher. Some day you will become imbued with the Christian spirit which teaches us to recognize true nobility wherever we find it, and not believe that greatness and genius and all good gifts are monopolized by the class to which you belong. I am not a Radical, Iris—I am a Tory; but I must say that, if I wanted to find a true heroine, I should not go into palaces, or even into homes such as Chandos. I should go to some of the cottage-homes of England, where women bear without a murmur hunger, cold, and privation—where life is spent in unceasing toil, and Death almost always finds the brave wife or mother steadfast at her post—where patience and self-sacrifice reign supreme, yet are neither recognized nor noticed. I have seen many such toiling, cheerful, suffering women, and before some of them I have felt that I could take off my hat and say, 'Here is one of the world's truest heroines.' Do you understand that, Iris?"

Her face was softened and her manner changed as she answered him.

"Not quite yet, papa. As you say, time may teach me. I understand a heroine like Joan of Arc, for example." And Lord Caledon laughed.

"You will grow older and wiser some day, Iris; and then you will understand true price and true heroism!"

CHAPTER X.

ONCE more the Earl and his daughter were at Chandos. The mansion was filled with visitors, friends of the Earl and of Lady Iris; and in their honor many entertainments and fetes were given. Lady Iris was one of the most charming hostesses, there was a certain high-bred grace and dignity that never left her, yet she had the happy art of putting every one else at ease.

With visitors to amuse continually, and half the county to entertain, it was impossible to avoid inviting the Bardons to Hyne Court—indeed, to Lady Iris's great surprise, she found some of the most distinguished of her guests desirous to make the acquaintance of the Bardons. The Countess of Selwyn, one of the haughtiest women in England, said to her—

"So, Lady Iris you have those wonderful Bardons near you, I am told. I must see them. You must drive me over, if you will."

"I will do so with pleasure But why do you call them wonderful, Lady Selwyn?"

"Because they are so rich! I did hear once what Mr. Bardon's income is, but I have forgotten the amount—it is something fabulous, I know. The wife, I believe is, an oddity, who goes about wrapped in Indian shawls and wearing priceless jewels. The daughter is a nice girl. I met her several times in London, and was much pleased with her. It will give me great pleasure to renew my acquaintance. The son, I hear, is good-looking. What a future is in store for him!"

"What makes you say that?" asked Lady Iris, who had been accustomed to think of him with sympathy and a certain amount of compassion.

"What a question for a young lady to ask who has passed through the perils of a London season!" cried the Countess, with a little laugh. "My dear, when his father dies, he will certainly be one of the richest men in England; and he can marry whom he will. With his wealth a great future lies before him."

So Lady Iris saw that every one was not of her opinion. The Countess of Selwyn was essentially a worldly woman, and she spoke very freely to her young hostess.

"Forgive me for saying it," she said, "but you think too much of birth. You are kind to every one, I know; nevertheless you seem to recognise as your equals only those who have a name as ancient as your own."

And Lady Iris at length began to wonder whether she was what people said, proud to excess.

She drove over to Hyne Court, taking the Countess with her. Marie was at home, and John Bardon was expected that very day. In her kindest manner Lady Iris invited Miss Bardon to spend a few days at Chandos.

The millionaire and his wife were delighted. Mrs. Bardon laughed and winked in a most knowing way at her husband.

"I see what is going on, though you do not," she said, in a triumphant tone.

"I do not perceive anything unusual," he returned. "Lady Iris is a beautiful girl; and Lady Selwyn shows her sagacity in calling upon us. Money is power, Julia; always think of that. Lady Selwyn would give some of her blue blood to have a finger in my purse, I know."

He was pleased and flattered when the carriage drove off containing the two ladies and his daughter.

"My dear Julia," he remarked, "Marie is just as much a lady as any of them. After all, I do not believe that what they call nobility of birth matters at all. If a girl is well-educated and has plenty of money, her descent should cause her no concern.

Great was John Bardon's delight, on reaching home, to find that his sister had gone to Chandos, and that there was an invitation for him to dine there that evening.

"You are tired, John," said his mother; "you have had a long journey to-day. Send an excuse, and go another time."

"If it were a hundred miles away, mother, and I were twice as tired, I would go," he said; and, pleased with her own penetration, his mother laughed and said to herself that she knew what was the matter with John.

John Bardon was delighted at the thought of seeing Lady Iris again; moreover, he was full of hope—the interest she had taken in him justified it, he thought. His father told him that Chandos was full of distinguished visitors; but what did that matter to him? He could hold his own amongst them if she would only be kind to him. Since he had seen her last, his one dream had been of her.

He was touched by his mother's anxiety as he left home. She had a way of hovering about him when she was uneasy. She did not like to say anything to him about Lady Iris, but, when he was starting, she went with him to the hall door.

"I wish I could throw an old slipper after you, for good luck, John!" she cried.

"Why, mother, I am not going to be married!" he replied. "There is no such luck for me."

"You deserve the best luck in the world, John," she said, and to herself she added, "Lady Iris might do worse than favor him, if she had but the sense to see it."

It was a warm evening, and as he drove along the white high-road that led to Chandos the sun had never seemed so bright nor the summer wind so sweet. What would Lady Iris say to him? Would she appear languidly indifferent; or would she wear that proud queenly look which always reminded him of the distance between them? Would she greet him with a calm cool smile that would chill him, or with a bright warm look that would send the blood coursing through his veins? How slowly the carriage seemed to move! More than once he called out to the coachman to drive faster; he feared he would be late.

At length the gray walls and the ivy-clad towers rose before him, and his heart beat fast. A little later he stood in the pretty white drawing-room at Chandos, with Marie his sister by his side. He turned to her with trembling lips.

"Where is she, Marie?" he asked. "Do not look as though you did not know to whom I referred. I am interested only in one person—I forget all others."

"Lady Iris is well; she will be here directly. She thought that you would like to see me for a few minutes alone."

His face lighted up with such fierce joy that she was startled.

"Did she really say that? Did she think of me? Did she think of what I should like? Oh, Marie, Heaven bless her?"

"My dear John, it was but ordinary civility," answered Marie wonderingly. "We are brother and sister, and she thought that you would have some message from home perhaps."

"Do not try to rob me of an unexpected pleasure," he said hastily. "She thought of me, I tell you, and thought of what I should like. If you can give me no other comfort, do not deprive me of what I have!"

"My dearest John," she replied gently, "I would not deprive you of a moment's hope or comfort; but I see no hope. She is beautiful—as beautiful as the fairest May morning—but she is as proud as she is lovely. Can I say more than that? She is kind to us; but I feel that she tolerates and does not really like us. The very tone of her voice changes when she speaks to me and to you. John, think twice before you waste your love on her."

She shrank back, scared and terrified by the angry eyes and white face that bent over her.

"I can take a great deal from you," he said, "for I believe you mean well; but do not try me too far. Lady Iris takes an interest in me—she told me so—and I swear that I will win her! I wish she were homeless, friendless penniless, that I might clasp her to my heart, to show the world that it is her noble queenly self I love, and that I do not care for her rank or her money. Forgive me, Marie," he added, when he saw his sister's startled face, "my rough humor frightens you. I almost go mad when you utter such things!"

He would have said more; but at that moment the door opened, and Lady Iris entered the room.

"I thought you would like a few minutes chat with your sister, Mr. Bardon," she remarked sweetly.

"How musical her voice is!" said John Bardon to himself. But Marie thought that, notwithstanding its sweetness, there was in it a tone quite different from her usual tone; and she was right.

* * * * * *

Some warm expressions of admiration with regard to Chandos which fell from the lips of John Bardon induced the Earl to invite him to prolong his stay.

"You will enjoy being here while your sister is with us, Mr. Bardon," he said. "Send over to Hyne Court for all that you require, and stay with us for a little time. One of the grooms can ride over to night." And John Bardon, delighted with the Earl's hospitality, was only too pleased to accept the offer.

With perfect indifference Lady Iris heard the invitation given and accepted, but John Bardon was greatly elated. The Earl had asked him to stay, and he drew many wrong and foolish conclusions from the fact. His love was so patent to himself and filled his life so completely that he had an idea it was equally patent to everybody else. He argued that the Earl must have seen it, and, as he had pressed him to remain, approved of and sanctioned it.

John Barton's stay at Chandos brought matters to a climax. His love had been hard enough for him to bear when he was away from her and saw her only occasionally; but, now that he was under the same roof with Lady Iris, seeing her almost every hour, his passion proved too much for him.

He saw also many things that astonished him. He found out that this beautiful spoiled girl visited and comforted the poor. More than once he had

met her driving to King's Forest in a pretty little basket-carriage loaded with jelly, wine, and tea, with books, flowers, and game—for she showed discrimination in her charities, and took especial interest in the poor who were compelled to keep up appearances. Once or twice he had ventured to stop her and inquire how her proteges were. One day when she was unusually gracious, he had said—

"I wish I could do something to help you with your poor, Lady Iris. I should be so pleased."

She looked at him with grave thoughtful eyes.

"You must have many poor on your own estate, Mr. Bardon," she returned.

"No, I think not. My father is a most liberal man; he pays good wages, and he has built schools and almshouses until poverty is but a word amongst us. Is there nothing I can do for any one in whom you are interested? Do you know no man out of work or old people who want a home?"

"You forget," she answered gently, "that I have my father to apply to in such cases."

"You do not know how happy you would make me," he urged, "how delighted I should be if you would let me serve you. Perhaps there is no one I could assist just now; but, if any help should be needed, will you think of me? Will you make me happy by promising that?"

Touched by his kindness, she promised; but it so happened that she never had an opportunity of keeping her word. He learned much more of the beautiful young heiress during those few days spent at Chandos than he had learned before, or could learn again. He was much struck with the kind manner in which she addressed her inferiors. He saw that she was adored by the whole household, and that although she never uttered a harsh word, she was obeyed to the letter. How different it was in his own home? When he and his father wished to prove a servant, their invariable practice was to shout very loudly, and with the men to use very emphatic words.

"She would rule a kingdom," he said to himself, "just as she rules this household."

Day by day he became more engrossed in his love. He spent long hours in dreaming of what he and she could do when they were married, and how much good it would be in their power to accomplish. So, by dint of thinking of it all day and dreaming of it at night, he came to look upon it as a certainty that he should be accepted when he should have the courage to ask for her hand. He contrived adroitly to keep himself always before her—to consult her about plans and schemes for the benefit of others. He blinded her completely as to his own feelings with regard to her.

That he should presume to love her and one day ask her to be his wife never occurred to proud Lady Iris; but that he, a plebeian, and the son of a man sprung from the ranks of the people, should seek the advice of a noble high-born lady, and receive it, when given to him, with gratitude, seemed a mere matter of course. She thought it an act of charity when she gave him half an hour of her time for the purpose of listening to and advising him. He was very cautious during those interviews; he never alluded to his love. He paid her every compliment, and she accepted his homage as a queen accepts that of a subject.

At length he grew bolder. The party at Chandos were so happy that Lord Caledon said that it would be a great pity to break it up, so the invitations were extended, and John Bardon, amongst the number, remained. Lady Iris herself did not notice how much of her time he occupied, as he managed it so cleverly. He was like her shadow. If he saw her in the grounds, the library or the drawing-room, he joined her at once; but it was always with the air and manner of one seeking a favor. At last she became accustomed to his deference and his humility, and accepted the homage offered to her rank and beauty as a natural and becoming tribute. He grew more and more elated; and one day he said to his sister—

"Marie, you see that I am making progress do you not?"

His sister's calm face grew sorrowful as she answered—

"No. Pray do not be angry with me, John! I see that Lady Iris is kind to you; but, believe me, my dear, she does not treat you as her equal—she does not indeed. It is just as I have told you—her voice takes quite a different tone when she speaks to you. If I were to say frankly what I believe, it would be that she patronizes you."

"It is not true!" he cried. "You are neither just nor reasonable. Why did she reject all the grand offers she had when in London? Why did she refuse that dandy Sir Fulke? Why does she treat with such perfect indifference all the men visiting here now? Shall I tell you why, Marie?"

"If you can," replied his sister.

"I will!" he replied, with a fierce triumph. "It is because she cares for me! You will find my words come true—she cares for me; and very soon I shall ask her to be my wife. Oh, how I love her, Marie! There is no limit to her power over me; she can do what she will with me. I cannot live apart from her."

"Heaven help you, John!" said Marie sadly. "Nothing that you tell me changes my opinion."

His face darkened.

"Heaven help me, and Lady Iris also, if she sends me away, if she refuses me! I have not thought of that yet. As I feel now, I swear that she shall never live to marry another man!"

The Earl was very kind to him, so John Bardon became more hopeful still. One morning, when Lord Caledon and John Bardon were out together, they saw Lady Iris in the distance, her white dress gleaming amongst the trees. John Bardon saw her first, and the Earl's attention was drawn to him. He stood quite still; his face lost its ruddy hue and became pale, then flushed crimson. He took off his hat and remained bareheaded for some few minutes until she passed out of sight. Lord Caledon continued his conversation, but John Bardon no longer gave rational answers.

"What is the matter with you, Mr. Bardon?" asked the Earl.

John Bardon turned his burning face to him.

"I might make twenty false excuses," he replied; "but I will not. There is nothing the matter except this—that I have seen Lady Iris."

"It seems to be quite enough," said Lord Caledon.

"It is almost too much for me, my lord," replied John Bardon. "That one spot where she stood then will be one of the most precious on earth to me—just as she herself is more precious to me than anything else in the world."

Lord Caledon looked at him compassionately.

"You love my daughter then?" he said quietly.

"Yes, my lord. 'Love' is a poor word. I worship her. All the strength of my manhood has gone into my love. Are you angry with me? Does my love displease you because of my humble birth?"

"No," replied the Earl, his countenance changing, "I am not displeased. I have nothing to say about it. If my daughter loves you in return, I will raise no difficulties. I have resolved that in the matter of love and marriage she shall please herself. To my thinking, the greatest and indeed the only happiness in this world lies in love; and I hope that my daughter will marry for love."

"Then, if I can win her consent, I have yours, my lord?" said John Bardon gladly.

"Yes, if you win it," answered the Earl; "but—mind, I warn you!—I do not think you will win it."

John Bardon turned hastily to the Earl.

"May I ask, my lord, why not?" he said.

"Because the idea of marriage is not very pleasing to her."

"You do not think she would refuse me because I am not so well-born as hers if?" he asked.

"I cannot say. I should never object on that score. But I think it would be better for us not to discuss the subject. My daughter knows that she will have my sanction—within the bounds of reason of course—in respect to any marriage she may wish to make."

"Thank you, my lord," was the reply. "But it is a case of life or death with me. I worship her. I had not thought of saying anything about it to you; perhaps though its all for the best."

"I hope so," said the Earl calmly. "One thing is certain, Mr. Bardon—the disclosure will make no difference. I shall not mention it to my daughter."

During the remainder of that day, whenever Lord Caledon thought of John Bardon, he said to himself, with a deep sigh—

"Poor fellow—I feel very sorry for him!"

CHAPTER XI.

JOHN BARDON'S adoration was ignored by Lady Iris Fayne. His love she never even dreamed of; it was something far beneath her. She was kind to him from a sense of pity, and because she saw that his inferiority galled him. When with her, he never assumed any airs, never talked of the power of money, but always complained that he was at a disadvantage on account of his inferior birth.

"How many generations do you think it requires to make a gentleman?" he asked her one day, when they were talking together.

She looked at him gravely, and said—

"I do not know; I have never given the matter a thought."

"How many should you think, Lady Iris?" he persisted. "Supposing a man begins life as my father did, how many generations must elapse before his descendants become gentlemen?"

His lips were white and parted, his face was in a quiver of suspense, as he waited for an answer. She forgot his personal interest in the question, and spoke just what she thought.

"It is a matter that puzzles me. I should say that, if the descendants of an honest, honorable, humbly-born man who had made a fortune married into good families, they would become gentlefolk in time."

"In how long or how short a time?" he inquired.

"Twenty generations perhaps," she replied carelessly.

"You think they would not be gentlefolk within a shorter period than that?" he asked.

"I should say not," answered Lady Iris.

"You would not call the son of such a man a gentleman?" asked John Bardon.

Lady Iris's reply was quick and decided.

"Oh, no! How could I?"

Then quite suddenly she remembered to whom she was speaking. She saw him turn pale with mortification and pique, and she at once regretted her words.

"Why do you ask me such questions?" she said. "I am annoyed with myself for having answered you. But let me tell you that nothing of what I have said was intended to be personal to yourself."

Just as her first words had depressed, so her last elated him. "Nothing personal to himself." Ah, then, clearly enough she made him an exception to the rule, and considered him a gentleman! This impression was deepened in his mind owing to the fact that she was more gracious than usual to him that day. She simply intended by her kindness to prove to him that there had been no personal meaning in her words; while he thought that her kindness indicated love.

He determined to know his fate as soon as possible. He might have been happy for a few weeks longer had he waited; but the fierceness of his love hurried him on; he could not bear the suspense.

Marie watched him with sorrowful eyes. She saw that he was growing thinner and paler; and it was apparent to her that he was almost mad with the passion that had seized him with such relentless fury. In vain she warned and advised him.

"Do something to interest her," she would say to him. "You talk about getting into Parliament. Why not do it, and when you have made for yourself a name, then ask for her hand? It will be useless now."

He would not listen to his sister. As the Earl had no objection to him, he felt sure of success.

* * * * * *

A lovely summer night. Chandos lay bathed in moonlight. The Earl had ordered the long windows of the drawing-room to be opened. He had asked for music, and Lady Selwyn, who had a fine contralto voice, sang a French ballad, and the burden of her song was—

"The wind which blows across the mountain
Made my loving heart."

John Bardon was not a good French scholar, yet the melancholy and the passion of the words overcame him. The wind did not come across the mountain to him; it blew from the forest, it came over fields and woods, over beds of roses and lilies, with the breath of the mignonette and jessamine; none the less did it madden him.

He was leaning against one of the window-frames, round which white roses clung, and when the wind stirred them they touched his face. He was watching Lady Iris, who sat silent, listening to the music. On this evening she looked unusually lovely; her dress in long silvery folds swept the ground, rich laces half shrouding it; jewels shone on the bare rounded arms, on the graceful throat, and in the bright masses of fair hair; over the beautiful face a veil of sadness seemed to have fallen; the white hands were folded, the whole figure was like an exquisite piece of sculpture. Something in the music had given her a faint idea of the divine madness of which the poet sang. What was it like, she wondered, this state of heart and mind in which "the wind from over the mountain" could drive one mad?

She looked out upon the moonlight and the flowers, and a new and beautiful world seemed dimly open to her. Perhaps something told her that, although, she had beauty and wealth, and was of high rank, she had nothing because she had not love. She did not know what love was yet; but, when it came, there would be both tide and tempest.

The sweet voice went on singing, and there was always the same sad burden. John Bardon, watching the dainty face and graceful figure, lost all prudence. The fierce passion that swayed him made his heart throb wildly and flushed his face.

"'The wind from over the mountain' has driven me mad!" he said to himself. "I must speak to her."

He crossed the room and stood suddenly by Lady Iris's side. She started almost in alarm: the exquisite stillness was broken. He could not have chosen a more inopportune than this in which the first faint dawning of love had come to her. He made no apology—he was too deeply in earnest for that—as he bent over her.

"I must speak to you," he said. "Will you come out into the moonlight? You must come!"

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Let us calmly lay down what convinces us; and, if it is reasonable, it will hardly fail persuading those to whom we speak. Heat begets heat; and the clashing of opinions seldom fails to strike out the fire of dissention.

Facetiæ.

It does not follow that because a man is able to lie he is liable to do so.

Even the strongest orators among our clergymen have their week days.

Everything in its place.—Milk is good, and water is good, but don't set the milk pail under the pump.

Missouri has a five-legged mule which can reach one octave further than the most accomplished pianist.

"Why are you so precise in your statement? Are you afraid of telling an untruth?" asked an attorney of a witness in a police court. "No, sir," was the prompt reply.

A married man reading the other day that there was a prospect of a plague visiting us, said, "Confound the plague! I've been living with one for ten years, and am quite used to it."

A New Yorker advertised that for one dollar he would send directions how to cure turn up noses. A young lady who forwarded a dollar received the directions the next day. She was advised to employ a blacksmith to strike her a heavy blow on the end of the nose with a sledge hammer until a cure was effected. A very striking remedy, but she didn't follow the directions.

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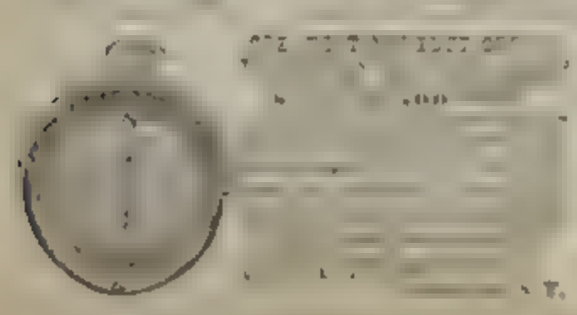

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SCROFULA OR SYPHILIS,
TARY OR CONTAGI[illegible]
BE IT SEATED IN THE
LUNGS OR STOMACH, SKIN OR BOWELS, BLOOD OR NERVES.
CORRUPTING THE SOLIDS AND VITIATING THE FLUIDS.

Chronic Rheumatism, Scrofulous Inflammations, Indolent Inflammations, Mercurial Affections, Old Sores, Ulcerations of the Throat, Mouth, Stomach and Bowels, Female Complaints, Gout, Dropsy, Tetter, Salt Rheum, Erysipelas, Pimples, Blotches, Boils, Tumors, Tubercles, Glandular Swellings, Scrofula, Consumption, Fever and Ague, Piles, Rickets, Diseases of the Kidneys, Bladder, Liver, Lungs, Bowels, Heart, Nerves, Bones, Joints, Muscles, Glands, Skin, Blood, Fat, Flesh, Marrow, Brain, Spinal Marrow, Nervous Affections, Nervous Debility, Nervous Prostration, Nervous Headache, Neuralgia, Sick Headache, Female Weakness, Hysteria, Hypochondria, Melancholy, Dizziness, Sleeplessness, Impotency, Loss of Memory, Universal Lassitude of the Muscular System, Paralysis, Locomotor Ataxia, Diseases of the Urinary Organs, Incontinence of Urine, Retention of Urine, Bright's Disease, Albuminuria, and in all cases where there are Brick-dust Deposits or Mucous and Milky Secretions in the Urine, Stricture of the Urethra, Ulceration of the Kidneys and Bladder, Pain and Weakness in the Back, Groins, Loins, Kidneys, Bladder, Womb, Rectum, Female Complaints, Leucorrhœa or Whites, Irregular or Painful Menstruation, Prolapsus or Falling of the Womb, Pregnancy, Miscarriage, Uterine Tumors, Change of Life, Hot Flashes, Sinking Spells, Nervousness, Sleeplessness, Hysteria, Hypochondria, Melancholy, Epilepsy or Fits, Dizziness, Neuralgia, Headache, Nervous Prostration, Nervous Debility, Impotency, Involuntary Discharges, Spermatorrhœa, Seminal Weakness, Impure Blood

Our Young Folks.

THE ROBIN'S HOME

BY M. VENTAL.

ONE DAY a Robin, roaming through a meadow, met a Martin, foraging a[bout] a stream where gnats and dragon flies hovered in countless numbers.

They greeted each other in the most friendly way; the Martin bowing and laughing in his usual manner, the Robin scraping and nodding in response.

These birds very seldom had time for more than a mere exchange of courtesy, but both happened to be in an exceedingly loquacious mood and anxious for a chat with each other.

The Martin commenced at once, telling of the exquisite apartment he had found this year in the place of his old weather beaten box. A house made beautiful by [illegible] arrangement, of course, to exactly carved was a sand bank every hole a neatly [illegible] with her glossy head peeping from the [illegible] doorway, where she was looking [illegible] for her loving lord.

The Robin admitted that his description was unique, but as there were no extra apartments it could not be, with all its beauty and [illegible] a desirable house.

"Mine is a very long, low place," said he, "and [illegible] many of my friends spring days through it in safety and [illegible] over the river. There now, judge for yourself," and as the wing they approached a giant elm. "No one could judge from any description, of the splendor and extensity of this cozy, airy place."

"O dear!" said the Martin [illegible] aloud as they entered. "Your house is neat and cleanly. I cannot conceive how you can be snug and comfortable in such an expanse of material."

"Our lodgers are really without number, three are our rooms," said Robin pointing to the [illegible] "we have them upstairs and down, besides famous suites and rookings which I will look after at first, but in case inspection you will see they are really [illegible], you will be surprised at the number of our [illegible] and closets, and [illegible] curtains all of the same pea and [illegible]. They are greatly annoyed by our visitors, of whom we have more than a few."

"What a bright, [illegible] that queer looking house. I certainly would not have [illegible] in a house with such an odd roof as that!" said the Martin, "I must go first come to the queer rooms with [illegible] at me from the back, when I am trying to catch my dinner from the [illegible]."

"Oh we do not mind him at all," said the Robin, "he is a perfectly good natured, [illegible] and as a never failing barometer, [illegible] long [illegible] a certain symptom of a storm. We would not [illegible] with his services under any consideration."

"I have a very [illegible] plain," said the Martin, becoming interested, "there must be a way to [illegible]."

"Oh yes" said Robin, "there is quite a colony of these antique spinners, they are scattered up and down, and will never let you look into their rooms. All day long they peep from their curtains and watch the busy flies as they buzz around, [illegible] of the corner cupboard and the rounding stair beneath the shining net work."

Then along the corridors and stepping from the closets came hosts of tiny beings with splendid eyes and gossamer wings, some stop to play, others hasten on, as if their lives depended upon their speed, up and down they hurry, as busy and busy as any colony of ants could be.

They watched a little while the curious crowd, and then Robin hastened to escort his guest to the rooms of several songsters that were secreted all through the great house.

Some of them are very sweet and amiable, others rather pride themselves on their superiority—all are alike friendly; some are dressed in [illegible] and shining brown coats, some in suits of gray, and some in blue and—look, perched on the roof that towers [illegible] a golden thing, waiting some quaint old melody of a thousand years ago.

They all have such cozy nurseries under a shower of curtains, and know more baby songs than ever you heard in your life.

It is really wonderful how many families are reared in this great house and yet it is home, any place with a balance of air and sunshine.

"Our food is ready prepared," remarked Robin, "and scattered over the broad fields, in the sunny lanes and by the borders of brooks. We have only to go gather it as did the children of Israel their manna in the wilderness. We have no need o' cradles [illegible] to sleep, for the summer breezes gently waft them to and fro, the summer sun warms and brightens, and when the cold winter approaches, we call together all our comrades and [illegible] we have roamed and flown away to a warmer climate. Then the curtains are all taken down, and those who choose to remain creep into the snuggest nooks they can find and dose the winter through."

They found quite a number of occupants at home.

The Oriole, who was feeding his mate, made a great display of color when introduced.

The Red Bird greeted them with a melodious whistle, and led them off to look at his nursery, where down in the warm wool and soft moss his little ones were sleeping. The nest was just like a full purse he had picked up somewhere and hung out of the reach of thieves.

The Cat Bird eyed them askance, and as he slipped behind the curtains he gave out a note just like the cry of a frightened baby.

The Robin made excuse for the singular conduct of the saucy bird.

"He is full of mischief, that was not his best note by any means. He can sing a delightful song when he is in the humor, and at [illegible] and when all the little folks are snug in their beds, he can give you an air which the Mocking Bird would not be ashamed to own."

"Look there," said the Martin pointing to a Blue Bird who had just entered, "does that pugnacious rascal live here? I find I come home in the spring and when I ask him to leave he is saucy and spiteful, and I am obliged to use force to make him leave the premises."

"No," said the Robin, "I think he has a home somewhere under the eaves of the house or in the way. He is a jolly, and in a day or [illegible] often disgusts us. He knows well our [illegible] and we have no use for his nostrums."

Several little brown [illegible] were among them the Sparrow and Titmouse kept passing in and out.

"I do not suppose we could get more than a nod and a chirp from them," said the Robin. "It is their very busiest season, and no turn-about of family quarrels is progressing rapidly."

Their attention was arrested by a sudden sound of rapid knocks and looking down a corridor they saw a [illegible] and for [illegible] and in a gray coat with the [illegible] eyes [illegible].

They watched him as he squatted close, and moved from door to door, tap, tap and rapping with such rapidity that the red cap moved as if it were a [illegible].

A crowd of little people rushed out to see who [illegible] such a disturbance.

The Brownies [illegible] them. "Quite a drove," but [illegible] the [illegible] were [illegible] in the [illegible].

A gentleman in black came [illegible] along, and endeavored to [illegible] the frightened crowd.

"Cheer up! Cheer up!" he sang while his [illegible] nodded good naturedly.

"Do you recognize that familiar note?" said the Robin. "It is a pleasant voice is it not? You have no doubt heard it frequently in the [illegible] beneath the [illegible]."

"I am off long before that month comes in. I have other [illegible], but Mr. Cricket is my rambles. He was always merry and quiet, and I am amazed that a creature so [illegible] should possess such a voice. I really must go now. I thank you for your kind attention, and believe me, I have been entertained enough to last me the whole summer."

"I will detain you but a moment longer. I have something to tell you. Several noisy young insects in green [illegible] have taken themselves in the [illegible], but when the sun goes down and the [illegible] are playing be [illegible] in the grass they begin their [illegible] and [illegible] for the [illegible] Katy who [illegible] is always [illegible] and knows what Poor Katy, are in [illegible] at this moment hiding in some dark closet with her little hands over her face crying piteously."

"You astonish me beyond measure," was all the Martin could say [illegible] the big room. "I must [illegible] your home is wonderful but I never could live in the midst of so much excitement."

And with that away flew the Martin, leaving the Robin amazed at the want of appreciation shown by the gloomy fellow who chose to live where [illegible] was shut out [illegible] began [illegible] to get at [illegible] to the Robin [illegible] merry heart and [illegible].

VALUE OF RELICS.—Very low prices [illegible] this [illegible] as compared with what was [illegible] for them forty or fifty years ago. For instance, a lock of Shakespeare's hair was sold in 1816 for the sum of $3 300. The hat worn by Napoleon Bonaparte on one of his battles was sold in 1850 for $100. The coat worn by Charles XII. at the battle of Pultowa fetched, at a sale the same year, the enormous sum of $25 000. The two pens employed in signing the treaty of Amiens were also disposed of in that year for $3 500. A wig belonging to Sterne brought $1 000. Voltaire's cane realized at an auction $200 while a waistcoat belonging to Rousseau brought $125, and a pincushion worked by Mary Queen of Scots nearly as much.

FAITH IN WOMAN.

BY MATTIE A. FIELD.

TOM WENTWORTH was angry and indignant.

He had arisen one morning, a wet, cold, disagreeable morning, with an indistinct recollection of something unpleasant that had occured to him the evening before.

Little by little it grew clear.

Norah, the housekeeper, had absconded.

Tom remembered that she had given warning a week ago, but he had forgotten it until she left.

"Confound these women!" he exclaimed, as he hurried out of bed. "Confound the whole tribe of Eve's daughters! Pretty fix I am in, with my own breakfast to get! Much I know about cookery! But no matter; I will not be dependent on a woman. Woman—bah! I can get as good a breakfast as the best of them!"

Saying this, Tom Wentworth tied his necktie combed his hair, and descended to the lower regions to decide on what to select for breakfast.

"Ding aling a-ling," just now went the door-bell, with a very decided and emphatic syllable on the end, as if to say, "Come quick!"

When he opened the door he was indignant to find a [illegible], and was about to close it again, when a basket at his feet arrested his attention.

He was about to shove it off when a cry sounded from its depths.

It was a faint, wailing cry, but it fairly froze Tom's blood with terror.

"Beadles of Venice! Con——"

But the rest of his exclamation was cut short by utter inability to finish it.

He took the basket up as if it were a bubble which he was afraid of breaking, carried it into the house, and locked the door.

A blue eyed, golden haired baby face appeared as he opened the dainty wrappings, and a pair of chubby, dimpled hands were stretched up to him, while a smile rippled over her face.

A cold sweat broke out all over Tom.

Taking the smiling child in his arms, he looked into its blue eyes with an interest which he had never manifested in any other baby.

A note in a peculiarly dainty hand was tied on baby's sleeve with a narrow blue ribbon, and this was what the letter contained:

"MR. TOM WENTWORTH,—Please take my baby [illegible] and [illegible] her up [illegible] as I [illegible] doing. I know you have means to support her. Be good to my baby and may Heaven do by you as you do by her. I never [illegible] her.

"BABY'S MOTHER."

In the basket were a goodly number of dainty baby [illegible] and [illegible] was all, except a few plain directions for preparing her nourishment.

These were written in the same delicate chirography as the note, and Tom [illegible] them [illegible] her use.

"Well, he cannot [illegible]! I'm in for it now! Who ever would have imagined me with a baby? Now who [illegible] I have her to? Miss Friend? no, she's much too [illegible]—spends all [illegible] dress. Mrs. Anne Upperton? No! May the [illegible] never [illegible] child from [illegible] such a vain woman as [illegible]. Mrs. ——, here I have it—Mrs. Ellsworth—Aunt [illegible], how am I not just the one to come here and bring up the baby. I'll stop around and see her to-day."

And Tom started down [illegible] once more to get baby's breakfast.

After that gigantic feat was accomplished, Tom left the child at a neighbor's house, and started for "Aunt Louisa," as Mrs. Ellsworth, a [illegible] old lady, was called, but she was not at home—had gone to the sea-coast, her daughter said, to be gone three months.—And Tom Wentworth was disconsolate.

Mrs. Mason, the daughter, offered to come for a week or two until Tom could get other help, or she would take the child there; but Tom would not part with her, and at last he was obliged to accept her offer to come for a few days.

Tom Wentworth was the only child of Mr. Wentworth of Clifton, a man universally beloved by all who knew him for his generous kindness and many sterling qualities.

Many years before his father had died, leaving Tom the sole inheritor of his vast estate.

For a long time he had spent his time roaming abroad, and then came home to settle down to his profession—that of a lawyer—for although his wealth was great, Tom was not inclined to be idle.

While abroad he met a pretty, blue-eyed maiden, with whom he fell deeply in love, and whose love he after a very short acquaintance, asked in return.

Clara Broadbent professed to love him, and they were very happy, until at last she disappointed him by proving herself unworthy of the love of his big, honest heart, by marrying a poor, worthless fellow whom she imagined she loved better than Tom Wentworth.

She had since become a widow.

From that time, ten years before, he had lost all faith in womankind.

Because of the failing of one fair, false one, the entire race of womankind stood branded in his sight as faithless.

He would "treat none of them," he said, although all his better nature rose in rebellion at the injustice of the accusation.

A month went by. Bessie was growing dearer each day to her new friend.

His faith in womankind was becoming stronger and deeper because of this one little bud of promise which was daily developing fresh beauty and loveliness.

On morning, just before Tom went to his office, there was a ring at the door bell and he hastened to open it.

A woman stood before him, clad in modest attire—a sweet faced woman, who, in a low and gentle voice, asked him if he had yet secured a nurse for his little foundling.

"No," replied Tom. "I was about to look for one, as mine has just left me."

"I was sent to you with this, Mr. Wentworth," producing a letter, which after seating her, Tom proceeded to read.

It was only a letter from a lady friend recommending Mrs. Burton to Mr. Wentworth as a lady in every point fitted as a competent nurse and companion for his little [illegible].

Tom, after a little questioning, employed her as a substitute for Mrs. Mason, who had just left, and went off to his work whistling a merry little ballad, which brought a smile to the face of more than one of his friends.

The time glided away rapidly now.

Mrs. Burton was everything desirable in a nurse and housekeeper, and Bessie loved her dearly.

She was quiet and sensible, and her modest demeanor soon quite won Tom's heart.

"There must be some good in her, or the little one would not love her so," he meditated.

Only a week later, Tom entered the nursery quite unexpectedly, and a pretty sight met his eyes.

Mrs. Burton sat on the floor, with baby Bessie on her lap.

The lady's hair had been unbound, and fell in [illegible] masses to the floor.

The [illegible] were busily at work in Tom's [illegible] while the [illegible] and pretty face were full of beauty and [illegible].

Tom stopped short.

"Clara Broadbent!" he ejaculated, when he could command himself. "How in the world did you get here?"

"Mr. Wentworth, forgive me for imposing upon you, but I—oh, Mr. Wentworth, I felt as if I must see my little one again. I could not give her up, so I came here as Mrs. Burton."

She spoke rapidly, and Tom could hardly comprehend her.

"Your child! Clara is Bessie your child?"

"Yes, Mr. Wentworth, and I have but one request to make of you. When you got married I [illegible] Bessie. I could see no other way [illegible] to my child when I have [illegible] not get on with [illegible]."

She left the room.

The next morning as Tom was about to go to the [illegible] Clara Burton came down [illegible] her traveling dress.

Her eyes were red with weeping.

"Why, Mrs. Burton—Clara—why are you leaving me to-day?" he asked, [illegible].

"I thought I ought to leave under the circumstances. I might stay as Mrs. Burton, but as Clara Broadbent [illegible] best for me to go."

"Stay, Clara, and take care of your little one! She needs you—and I have found out that the old love is not quite dead yet. May not Bessie be my daughter, too, Clara—our little one? Clara dear, forgive me [illegible] I [illegible] not [illegible] you [illegible] woman; through you it may be restored; may it not be so, darling?"

"Yes, Tom, I have suffered from a fancied preference, but I can be happy now in my first and only true love."

And so it was that the pure, guileless love of a little child was the means of restoring Tom Wentworth's lost faith in womankind.

A SMILE.—[illegible] the value of a smile [illegible] cost [illegible] but is worth much to the [illegible], [illegible] and [illegible], [illegible] spoken. It [illegible] [illegible]—[illegible] countenance—turns hatred to love—revenge to kindness—and paves the darkest path [illegible] gems of sunlight. A smile on the brow betrays a kind heart, a pleasant friend, an affectionate brother, a dutiful son, a happy husband. It adds a charm to beauty, it decorates the face of the deformed, and makes a lovely woman resemble an angel in paradise. M. S.

They are so [illegible] used to fires in Europe that a lady who saw a steamer for the first time said with astonishment: "But I should like to know what those fellows go and heat the water for when it has to be thrown on the fire!"

BE CONTENT.

BY ALICE I. MCCLELLY.

Heaven gives to thee its sunshine,
  its gentle breeze at morn,
Of dew and rain a share is thine—
  Man was to nature born.
And if the love of one true heart
  Is thine, in full degree,
Then of glory a noble part
  Hath been bestowed on thee.
Love kindles in the soul celestial fires,
And aids to all that holiness inspires.

Because the garden-plot is small
  Does that in reason lead
A just excuse that not at all
  Thou shalt dig, plant and tend?
And must its soil of richness be
  To thrifty weeds resigned,
Because it cannot yield to thee
  A store of wealth combined?
Remember, he who sows shall surely reap,
And he who soweth not, 'midst tares must creep.

Stand not and gaze upon the hill
  Where Mammon's splendor dwells—
Within that mansion joy doth pall,
  And discontentment tells
Its own sad tale of gilded chain,
  While to its windows roam
The inmates, looking down in pain
  And envy on thy home.
Irradiate the lot where fate hath cast thee down—
Thy life contains the germ of an immortal crown.

What tho' the pleasures thou dost crave
  Are lightly prized by those
Who, careless, quaff of bliss, and rave
  For but one hour's repose;
What tho' the happy world seems filled
  With endless joys' excess,
And thou alone art only thrilled
  With galling bitterness;
Peace to thy heart, live on in silent pain—
It hope of heav'n is thine, thine is the gain.

LIFE IN THE HAREM.

A LADY writing of the women of the harems of Egyptian officials and wealthy men, says: In the smaller establishments, they received me themselves at the terrace or landing of the stairs; in the larger ones, a bevy of women servants would usher me into the large sitting room which is provided everywhere for the entertainment of visitors in the women's regions above, as in the men's below. I seldom found them alone, but plunged into the daily reception which began in lieu of daily occupations among these busy gossipers. They arrive and leave in little parties, invariably enveloped for the street in a large black silk drapery from head to foot, with a long black crape face piece, hanging from below the eyes. These outer concealing garments are all torn off as soon as the retirement of the harem salon is reached, and the visitor is kissed on both cheeks, if an intimate friend, seated on the line of brilliant cushions that line the walls here, instead of the masculine divan, and matters proceed quietly until coffee is brought, with cigarettes. However humble the establishment or intimate the guests, this is the occasion of careful ceremony. The coffee tray is draped with embroidered coverings, and appears at the door upheld by a gaudily kerchiefed negress. Here the upper or Arab servants, or, if there are any, the grown-up daughters and daughters-in-law, fill the little cups and offer them on their hands to the guests in exact order of their dignity, being instantly rebuked by the hostess if they make a mistake as to precedence.

The drinking is done seriously, the clatter of tongues ceases, there are gurgling sounds of prolonged sippings all around the circle, and the handmaidens, Arab and African, arrange themselves in a not ungraceful order about the room, standing perfectly motionless, with their arms folded before them carefully, from elbow to elbow. They are always dressed in a simple gown, gathered only under the arms, like their mistress's, but trimmed with bands of various brilliant colors, and, also like the ladies and children in the house, they have a showy handkerchief tied simply over the head, with perhaps another, rolled, to bind it closer. The Egyptians with their fine bronze skins and even lines of features, place themselves at little distances from the guests, and the black Africans in a statuesque row nearer the door. The little children of the servants, who have trooped into the room with the children of the family, when they see their playmates take the seats assigned to them among the guests, drop back with a really comical gravity into their proper position in the social order, and stand straight upright beside their mothers, the brown ones in front among the brown, and the black among the black, and fold their little arms across their fat little persons in evident pride at having a place and an attitude that belongs to them, and that they can so creditably fill.

The lull of the coffee sipping begins to vanish as one by one the little cups are handed back from hand to hand along the lines of servants to the tray upheld by the statue at the door, and the chatter breaks forth in terrific force. They would then remark upon my dress being French, and compare its component parts, materials, and forms with their own; and put their black face draperies, with the golden tube that hangs down the middle of the forehead joining the veil to the other headgear, on me; and be delighted to see how I looked; and then like so many children they would suddenly remember that I was something strange, with which, therefore, it was proper to be filled with awe; and they would fall back to their seats and gaze in respectful silence, for a moment, till the gossip flowed again and they forgot me for a while, as the heads nodded together in little groups, and shouts of laughter burst forth at some delicious joke; or two old cronies, having a matter of special privacy to communicate, got up from the low seats or the carpet and toddled arm in arm to the distant corner, that even the closest whisper might be safe.

I am sorry to say that, as a race, and considering the seclusion from dust and hard work in which they live, they are not personally clean. The particularly neglectful and neglected in this respect, too, as ill luck would have it, are the old ladies, who always would kiss me, and the little children, whom I was obliged to kiss; but let us hope in it the sense of the sweetness of soap and water may come of long visitations, and be censored meanwhile by the reflection made to me by an old French gentleman long resident in Egypt, who said: "You know that we in our country have only of late years learned to wash from you English; so it is no wonder the art does not yet penetrate as far south as this!"

I invariably found that with the mothers, and for the matter of that, with the fathers, too, I opened hearts at once by inquiring for the children. To be just, those kisses upon the chubby little hands and cheeks were repaid tenfold in the grateful pleasure that was shown me for having in the little ones discovered a common ground whereon to meet.

But to sum up the points that are salient in the hidden regions of Upper Egyptian home life to an eye accustomed to the vigorous civilization of the West, they are found what would seem to be incompatible contrasts—dignity and childishness, roughness and refinement, barbarity and delicacy, ignorance and knowledge. Having learned of one woman that she was a slave in the most important harem of the country, and was bestowed by her possessor upon her present husband for political reasons, you meet her, expecting visible traces of that coarseness and degradation which such experiences might engender. You find her graceful as any duchess, full of thoughtful little womanly attentions, with a tender solicitude about her little ones, their health, manners, and education. In the house, where there is neither book, nor picture, nor piano, nor anything to grace life or interest the mind—nothing absolutely but cushions, carpets, shawls and bangles, with a few of the strictly needful clothes and utensils; which is more barren of every real convenience and means of progress in any occupation or pursuit than the poorest farm cottage of New England, you are yet received as at a little court, and are obliged to feel the respect that instinctively you show for some hidden excellence of nature that these people own, and that has from the custom of their lives as little material wherewith to work and be developed.

Grains of Gold.

Among mortals second thoughts are the wisest.

Envy shooteth at others, and woundeth himself.

All that is human must retrograde if it does not advance.

Honesty is not only the deepest policy, but the highest wisdom.

When you have an opportunity to praise, do it with all your heart.

When you are forced to blame, appear, at least, to do it with reluctance.

Learn to hold thy tongue. Five words cost Zacharias forty weeks' silence.

There is a way that seemeth right to man, but the end thereof is the way of death.

Education is not a virtue of itself, and is not a passport to fame and true greatness.

Considering one's own weakness is a great help to gentleness in dealing with others.

Genius is nothing more than the faculty of laboring to advantage, with a sprinkling of luck.

A weak mind is like a microscope. It magnifies small things, but cannot receive large ones.

Webster once said: The most important thought I ever had was my personal responsibility to God.

Be happy if you can but do not despise those who are otherwise, for you know not their troubles.

There is only one objection to well-meaning people—that is, they have not time for "well-doing."

There is no ranker species of ill-breeding than speaking of any religion sarcastically, or with contempt.

Philosophers hold it as a sacred truth, that he who would be happy, must place a full value on his time.

Never does a man portray his own character more vividly than in his manner of portraying another's.

The great thinker is seldom a disputant. He answers other men's arguments by stating the truth as he sees it.

Some there are who gaze intently into the well of truth, but only in hope of seeing their own image reflected there.

No error is more fatal than that of those who think that virtue has no other reward, because they have heard that she is her own.

How sad a thing is time whether it goes or comes; and how correct was the saint who said: "Let us throw our hearts into eternity."

If men would but follow the advice which they bestow gratuitously on others, what a reformation would be effected in their characters.

The end of learning is to know God; and out of that knowledge to love Him, and to imitate Him, as we may be nearest, by possessing our souls of true virtue.

Few things which better become a man than the habit of constant courtesy. It costs little to be kind, or to say kind things, but they go a great way in the make-up of human happiness.

Good manners are not learned from arbitrary teachings so much as acquired from habit. They grow upon us by use. A coarse, rough nature at home begets a habit of roughness which cannot be laid aside among strangers.

He prays aright who never knows when his prayer begins, or when it ends. He prates best who does so spontaneously—as birds sing. He reads the word of God most wisely who continues to read when the book is closed.

To be disobedient through temptation, is human sin; but to be disobedient for the sake of disobedience, fiendish sin. To be obedient for the sake of success in conduct, is human virtue; but to be obedient for the sake of obedience, angelic virtue.

The tasks set to children should be moderate. Over-exertion is hurtful, both physically and intellectually, and even morally; but it is of the utmost importance that they should be made to fulfil all their tasks correctly and punctually.

Good manners are the blossoms of good sense, and it may be added of good feeling, too; for if the law of kindness be written in the heart, it will lead to that disinterestedness in little as well as in great things—that desire to oblige, and attention to the gratification of others, which is the foundation of good manners.

Feminalities.

A fashionable party is now called a "daughter-cultural show."

The noblest quality wherewith nature has endowed women, for the good of the world, is maternal love.

A new bracelet has six pendants—a rhinoceros, an elephant, a beagle, a foxhound, a camel and a bear.

Man may have a harder task to perform, a rougher road to travel, but he has none loftier or more influential than woman's.

A sensitive old bachelor says that pretty girls always affect him just as ornamental confectionery does—they give him the heartburn.

A marriage lately took place at Boston, when the assembled friends, in the absence of flowers, strewed the path of the bride with feathers.

If you wish to let the world know you are in love with a particular man—treat him with formality, and every one else with ease and freedom.

If you are envious of another woman—never show it but by allowing her every good quality and perfection except those she really possesses.

"When woman becomes too old for running on their feet," says a severe critic, "they most generally make up for it in the running of their tongues."

Half the sorrows of women would be averted if they could repress the speech they know to be useless—nay, the speech they have resolved not to utter.

Whatever may be the end of man, there can be no doubt when we see those long trains gracefully sweeping the floors and roads, that the end of woman is—"dust."

The Directors of the Bureau of Statistics at Vienna have issued a table showing that in Europe, of 126,851 individuals who have lived beyond the age of ninety, 90 303 are women.

"I don't so much mind," said Mr Henpeck—"I don't so much mind a woman's having a mind of her own, except that in such a case she usually takes charge of her husband's also."

Young ladies now graduate from Vassar College with the degree B. A. By close attention to business they can in a few years take the degree of M A, and perhaps add a B. Y. to their first degree.

The late George Eliot the novelist, says: A fine lady is a squirrel-headed thing, with small fire, and small notions, about as applicable to the business of life as a pair of tweezers to the clearing of a forest.

The wife of a leading Congressman says that people who write "private" on the envelope addressed to her husband only deceive her, for when she opens them she finds that they contain little or nothing.

In some of the rural districts of Italy a lover who wishes to make a declaration of his passion places rose leaves before the door of his lady. If she rejects him she sweeps them away; but if she accepts him the rose leaves remain.

John Ruskin, the famous English writer, is not in favor of universal suffrage. On being asked to deliver an address on woman suffrage, he replied that he was not only opposed to extending the franchise to women, but was in favor of taking the right from most men.

A young wife lately lost her husband, who was about seventy years old. "But how did you ever happen to marry a man of that age?" asked one of her friends. "Why," said the young widow, "you see I only had the choice between two old men, and, of course, I took the oldest."

Among the obituary notices of an Ohio paper, we find the following: "Mr. William Jones, of Malta township, aged eighty-three, passed peacefully away, on Tuesday last, from single blessedness to matrimonial bliss, after a short but sudden attack by Alice Blossom, a blooming widow of thirty-five."

A woman writes to a Cincinnati paper that she doesn't like the Russian bath, because she "can't see the fun of being laid on a marble slab and scrubbed, kneaded, slapped, and dented from head to foot by a woman so stalwart that one can't get quite rid of the suspicion that she is a man in disguise."

A fashionable dressmaker tells a Western journal that the chief trouble with women's forms is their irregularity. "The number whose two sides do not correspond is wonderful. Sometimes one shoulder is higher than the other, sometimes one hip is bigger, and sometimes the whole figure is awry. Women's dress, in this era of clinging garments, reveals every imperfection, unless art comes to nature's help."

Scene—A rambling table d'hote. Persons—Young English lady with little sister and a gentleman whose acquaintance they have made at the hotel. Young lady: "Oh I say, I shall put a five franc piece on the number of my age!" putting one on the figure eighteen. The number twenty-eight wins. Little sister: "What fun! Now if you had really put it on your right age, sis, you would have won, wouldn't you?"

An Iowa young woman writes to the papers to warn Eastern women from coming to her neighborhood in search of a husband. There are three eligible men in her neighborhood, she says: "One is a bachelor so far along in life that he wears a wig; another is a widower who is suspected of having made away with his wife and has several children left on his hands; the third and only remaining one is a perfectly awful young man, with an income of $7 25 a week."

A man broke a chair over his wife's head a week or two ago. When he got to cool, and the clergyman undertook to talk with him, he displayed a good deal of penitence. He said he was very sorry he had permitted his anger to obtain the mastery of him, and to suffer him to do such an act, because it was a good chair, and one of those good old fashioned chairs, which was an heir-loom in his family, and he knew he never could replace it.

The story that a charming young lady of Keokuk, was hugged to death by her lover in his ecstacy at her having consented to marry him, is denied by the doctors, who say she died of heart disease, which was stimulated into fatal action by the intense happiness of the moment. The doctors are probably right, but even were it otherwise, there is no use in citing the case as a warning to other girls. Most of them are physically sound about the heart, and will take the chances of being crushed by any man whoever bore down.

News Notes.

An ordinary sleeping-car costs twelve thousand dollars.

A Boston millionaire is building a $100,000 "cottage" at Mt. Desert.

A Georgia woman died the other day from swallowing a sprig of cedar.

A woman in Vermont is asking a divorce after fifty years of married life.

The Connecticut Legislature has killed the bill to establish a Pardon Board.

The Empress of Russia is Honorary Colonel of the Chevalier Guard Regiment.

Yellow pine makes the best sawdust, as it is the least dusty, and has a pungent, pleasant smell.

Weavers in South Germany earn about twenty-five cents a day, and seem perfectly satisfied.

Never leave food or drink standing in a sick room, and never fill up an empty glass without rinsing it.

A bill has passed the Illinois Legislature taxing railroad companies ¾ per cent. on their gross earnings.

The autograph fan of white parchment for the reception of the names of celebrities continues popular in Paris.

One of the members from Wisconsin is credited with the dubious honor of being the baldest United States Senator.

A Cincinnati negro thought the man he shot at was unarmed, but has since better on receiving seven bullets in different parts of his body.

An invention to facilitate horse breaking, which is used by the Russian cavalry, consists of an artificial hand attached to the animal's lower jaw.

A Massachusetts Congregational Church has been seeking a pastor for nine years, listening during that time to sermons by 250 candidates.

Mexico maintains the old system of municipal tariffs on goods, under which duty is exacted by cities and towns on all wares brought into them.

An eminent chemist asserts that if tea be ground like coffee, before hot water is poured on it, it will yield double the amount of exhilarating qualities.

The graceful testimonial presented by the parishioners of a parish in Scotland to their pastor as a mark of respect when he resigned, was a plot in the parish churchyard.

An ex Congressman of South Carolina is now a street laborer in Charlestown. He was once wealthy, but, though now poor, is proud enough not to despise honest work.

On the great battle plain of Lombardy there are upwards of twenty houses preserved as having been the headquarters of the great Napoleon during his campaign with the Austrians.

The Canadian police authorities refuse to recognize the suffix "ville" when tacked to the names of new hamlets. Thus Hanlanville, just named after the oarsman, is cut down to Hanlan.

A Colorado man amused himself for a little while by throwing his revolver into the air and catching it. A local paper says that "it slipped and went off, and he died in two minutes."

The new Czar leads a very simple life. He rises early and takes a long walk, and then breakfasts with his family. After dinner he spends a long time in amusing himself with his children.

Over 80,000 buffaloes have within six months been killed in Montana, mostly for their hides, which bring from $2 25 to $2 75. Men in the fur trade say the animal will soon become extinct.

In 1875 the British Government purchased of the Khedive of Egypt 176,602 Suez Canal shares at 20. At the present time the price of these shares is 74, showing the handsome profit of $50,000,000.

Electricity has been adopted as a means of punishment in the Ohio State Prison. All criminals guilty of disobedience or other offences are subjected to shocks sufficiently powerful to annoy them exceedingly.

A Berlin pipe-manufacturer recently presented Bismarck with a superb meerschaum pipe, bearing the Prince's arms. The latter returned it, with a note from his secretary, saying that when he wanted a pipe he could afford to buy one.

An old beggar has just died at Naples after a most successful career in matrimony. He was married seven times under King Bomba, and had seventy-six children, who are still alive; under the Savoy dynasty he was married six times, and raised up forty-seven children.

There is a division in a Maine Congregational Church. One of the accusations against the pastor is that, after modestly retiring from a meeting while resolutions in his praise were being discussed, he listened to and watched the proceedings through a crack in the door.

A bold rascal went to a bank in Boston, and, by representing that he was an agent for a counterfeit note-detector, obtained possession of a $50 bill, across whose face the word counterfeit had been written with red ink. Having removed this with acids, he made a $3 purchase at a store, and received $47 in good money as change.

In one of the towns of Wyoming Territory is a placard in a hotel dining-room which announces that a discreet waiter, who was never known to tell even the time of day, is employed to carry milk punches and hot toddies to ladies' rooms in the evening. The same hotel says that guests will find a sewing-machine, a grand piano, a clergyman, and all other modern conveniences.

The Marvell boys, who live one-half mile south of an Illinois town, have been scraping the track of the Illinois Midland Railroad for a week. Every day they go along with their buckets of soap and brooms, and lubricate the rail. The propose to continue the soaping process till they get pay for the right-of-way and stock that the road has killed for them, or get themselves in jail.

INSTEAD OF TRIFLING WITH A BAD COLD, use Dr. Jayne's Expectorant, which will loosen the phlegm, subdue inflammation, and certainly save your Lungs and Throat much dangerous wear and tear.

Beatty's Parlor Organs.

We call attention to Mayor Beatty's large Organ advertisement in this issue. He refers to the following well-known and reliable parties who have purchased and are using his instruments, and who will cheerfully testify to their unrivalled qualities. Space will only permit us to mention the following which have been selected from many thousands:

Boston Mass.—Moses A. Dow publisher of the Waverley Magazine, G. M. Burt, Shoe Manufacturer, 99 Pearl street. New York City—I. W. England, Publisher Sun; J. L. Everett, Cashier National Broadway Bank, G. W. Sickles, (Major-General Sickles's father,) 111 Nassau street; Barr & Betz, Brewers, 140 E. 58th street, Philadelphia, Pa.—William Underdown, Cashier Mechanics' National Bank, Pittsburgh, Pa.—L. Halsey Williams, Cashier Fifth National Bank. Williamantic Conn.—Henry P. Boyce, Treasurer Williamantic Savings Institution Newark, N. J.—Rt. Rev. Father Patrick Leonard (St. Michael's Cathedral) Plainfield, N. J.—J. S. Vandeventer, President First National Bank. Belvidere, N. J.—Hon. M. S. Harris, Member of Congress. Washington, N. J.—Judge P. H. Hann, Cashier First National Bank Clinton, N. J.—Hon. John Carpenter, Jr., ex-Assemblyman Hackettstown, N. J.—Rev. G. H. Whitney, D. D., President Whitney Institute, Morristown, N. J.—A. A. Vance, Publisher, Boonton, N. J.—S. J. Garrison, Editor Bulletin, Salt Lake City, Utah.—Walker Brothers, Bankers, Newport, Ky.—Hon. F. M. Webster, Attorney, Socorro, New Mex.—Rev. M. Matthieson St. Genevieve, Mo.—Judge John L. Boggs, Fairmont, W. Va.—Samuel Woods, Attorney. In addressing the above mentioned gentleman, readers of our paper should enclose a stamped envelope for reply.

Important.

When you visit or leave New York City, save Baggage Expressage and Carriage Hire, and stop at GRAND UNION HOTEL, opposite Grand Central Depot. 600 elegant rooms, fitted up at a cost of one million dollars, reduced to $1 and upwards per day. European Plan. Elevator. Restaurant supplied with the best. Horse cars, stages, and elevated railroads to all depots. Families can live better for less money at the Grand Union Hotel than at any other first-class hotel in the city.

"I'm All Played Out,"

is a common complaint. If you feel so, get a package of Kidney-Wort and you will at once feel its tonic power. It renews the healthy action of the kidneys, bowels and liver, and thus restores the natural life and strength to the weary body. It can now be had in either dry or liquid form, and in either way is always prompt and efficient in action.—New Bedford Standard.

Don't use anything to soften and improve the skin, except Pearl's White Glycerine, and Pearl's White Glycerine Soap.

Clergymen, Lawyers, Editors, Bankers and Ladies use Hop Bitters daily for nerve force.

When our readers answer any Advertisement found in these columns they will confer a favor on the Publisher and the advertiser by mentioning the Saturday Evening Post.

If you are a man of fashion, weakened by the strain of your duties avoid stimulants and use Hop Bitters.
If you are young and discretion or disipated or single, old or poor health or languishing, rely on Hop
Wherever you are, whenever you feel that your system needs cleansing, toning or stimulating, without intoxicating, take Hop Bitters.
Have you dyspepsia, kidney or urinary complaint, disease of the stomach, bowels, blood, liver or nerves? You will be cured if you use Hop Bitters
If you are simply weak and broken down, try it! It may save your life. It has saved hundreds.
If you are a man of letter telling over midnight work, or are broken down in nerve and waste, use Hop B.
suffering from any infirmity if you are married, suffering from ing on a bed of sickness, use Hop Bitters.
Thousands die annually from some form of Kidney disease that might have been prevented by a timely use of Hop Bitters
D. T. C.
is an absolute and irresistible cure for drunkenness, use of opium, tobacco, or narcotics.
Sold by druggists. Send for Circular.
HOP BITTERS MFG CO., Rochester, N. Y. & Toronto, Ont.
HOP BITTERS NEVER FAIL

BRYAN'S ELECTRIC BELTS

AND SUSPENSORIES, a certain remedy for DISEASES of the KIDNEYS, NERVOUS DEBILITY, IMPOTENCY, WEAKNESS, and all derangements arising from sickness or indiscretions. They will cure when every other means have failed. They are the only remedies that will positively cure these complaints without the use of medicine. Send for illustrated pamphlet and give a brief statement of your case, and our Medical Electrician will advise you. Address Electric Appliance Company, 2 Bond Street, New York.

AN EXTRAORDINARY OFFER TO AGENTS—Goods Unsold Returned. If you are out of employment and want to start in a business you can make from $5 to $10 a day clear, and take no risk of loss. We will send you on receipt of $11, goods that will sell readily in a few days, for $25. If the agent fails to sell these goods in four days they can return all unsold to us and we will return them their money. Can anything be fairer? We take all risk of loss and the agent gets started in a business that will be permanent, and pay from $1,000 to $3,000 a year. Ladies can do as well as men. We want an agent in every county. Full particulars free. Address U. S. MANUFACTURING CO., 118 Smithfield Street, Pittsburgh, Pa.

FREE *EMORY'S STANDARD CURE*, purely Vegetable sugar-coated Pills. A never failing remedy for FEVER and AGUE, BILIOUSNESS and all MALARIAL DISEASES, contains no Quinine Mercury or Poisons of any kind. Vial Box sent FREE. Address Standard Cure Co., 114 Nassau st., New York City.

JUDGE FOR YOURSELF | BY SENDING 25 cts. money, or 40 cts. postage stamps, with age height, color of eyes and hair, you will receive by return mail a correct photograph of your future husband or wife, with name and date of marriage. Address W. FOX, Box 44, Fultonville, N. Y. I will refund the money if not satisfied.

40 Lovely Floral, Panel, Hand & Bouquet Chromo Cards with name 10c. Franklin Printing Co., New Haven, Ct.

We desire to ask the special attention of our readers to THE FRANK SIDDALLS SOAP, which is now attracting great attention throughout the United States from its remarkable qualities as a Bath, Toilet, and Shaving Soap, and for the welcome fact that when used

By The Frank Siddalls Way of Washing Clothes

The entire drudgery and hard work of washday is completely done away with.

Should any of the claims made for this wonderful Soap seem overdrawn, there are two points that must be taken into consideration:

In the First Place, the Soap retails for only ten cents; and as a single trial will prove the truth or falsity of the claims made for it, **it would never pay to advertise it unless it really would accomplish what it promises.**

In the Next Place, we wish our readers to bear in mind that **we would not insert this Advertisement if there was any humbug about it.**

AND NOW DONT GET THE OLD WASH-BOILER MENDED, but next washday give one honest trial of The Frank Siddalls Way of Washing Clothes.

Answers alike for the finest laces and baby garments or the coarser clothing of the day-laborer.

REMEMBER, such a grand Soap for the Skin cant injure clothing.

A WASH-KETTLE MUST NOT BE USED, not even to *heat* the wash-water.

[A wash-kettle or wash-boiler which stands unused for several days at a time will have a deposit formed on it from the atmosphere in spite of the most careful housekeeping, and this injures some of the very delicate and expensive ingredients that are contained in The Frank Siddalls Soap.]

A teakettle will furnish enough hot water for a large wash, as only lukewarm water is used.

Hurrah! kick away the Wash Boiler!
No Boiling with Frank Siddalls Soap!
Dont spoil the old Boiler Sam, we can keep ashes in it!
TRADE MARK.

The following is the neat, genteel, elegant **FRANK SIDDALLS WAY** of washing clothes:

First: *Dip one of the pieces in the tub of water; draw it out on the washboard, and soap it lightly* wherever you see any dirt or soiled places. *Then roll up the article in a tight roll,* just as a piece is rolled when sprinkled for ironing, *and lay it back in the tub in the water out of the way*—and so on with each piece until all are soaped and rolled up. Then go away for twenty minutes or longer—*one hour is just the thing!*—and let the Soap do its work.

Next: *After standing the full time, commence by rubbing a piece lightly on the washboard, when all the dirt will drop out.*

Turn each piece inside out while washing it, so as to get at the seams; but dont use any more soap, and *dont wash through two suds,* but get all the dirt out in the first suds.

☞ *Next comes the rinsing.*

Each piece must be *lightly* washed through a lukewarm rinse-water on the wash-board without using any soap *until all the dirty suds are out.*

[Every smart housekeeper will know just how to do this.]

☞ *Next comes the blue-water.*

[Use scarcely any blueing.]

Stir a piece of Soap in the blue-water until the water is decidedly soapy; put the clothes through this soapy blue-water *and out on the line without any more rinsing and without scalding or boiling a single piece.*

The clothes will not smell of the Soap, but will be as sweet as if never worn.

Dont put clothes to soak overnight: it makes them harder to wash and is not a clean way.

Dont try on part of the wash; try it on the entire wash.

The Soap washes freely in hard water. **Dont use Soda or Borax.**

The White Flannels are to be washed with the other white pieces.

SOLD BY GROCERS. *See that you get what you ask for.*

If you reside at a place where The Frank Siddalls Soap is not sold, send ten cents in stamps or money to the Office, 718 Callowhill Street, Philadelphia.

[Say in your letter that it shall be used on a regular family wash, and by The Frank Siddalls Way of Washing Clothes.]

In return you will get a cake of the grandest Toilet, Bath, Shaving, and General Household Soap in the world, sufficient to do a good-sized wash.

[It will be put up in a neat metal box costing 6c.—15c. in postage stamps will be put on,—and all sent to you for ten cents.]

If wanted for the Toilet or Skin Diseases, thirty cents must be sent, to cover the cost.

[Only one piece will be sent to each person writing.—The same Soap is used for all purposes, but it is only when it is to be used for a family wash that it will be sent for ten cents,—*and the name of this paper must be given.*]

DONT SEND FOR MORE THAN ONE CAKE, and *dont even send for that* until satisfied that **this Paper would not insert this Advertisement if it was a humbug.**

[The Soap will not be sent unless a promise comes to use it by The Frank Siddalls Way of Washing Clothes.]

SMART PEOPLE WILL TRY THE SOAP. It will do away with the hard work of washday, with steam, with yellow clothes.

PROVES TO BE A WONDERFUL CURE FOR SKIN DISEASES, *entirely superseding the use of Ointments and Salves.*

There is only one kind of Frank Siddalls Soap made, and it is for every use that soap is put to.

If you have a friend in trouble with Ingrowing Toe-Nails, Itching Piles, Tetter, Salt Rheum, or in any trouble from sore surfaces of the skin, *no matter of how many years' standing,* **tell him to try Frank Siddalls Soap.**

[*For Ingrowing Toe-Nail, press some of the Soap between the nail and tender flesh, and speedy relief will be experienced.*]

By washing freely with the Frank Siddalls Soap, and leaving on plenty of the rich, creamy lather, and not allowing any ointment or any other soap or any other application to touch the skin, **it has never been known to fail to cure old stubborn ulcers, ringworm,** and *all itching and scaly humors* on the body, and the *terrible scaly incrustations* that sometimes are found on the heads of children.

It will soon be used in every Almshouse and every Hospital and every Dispensary in the country.

REMEMBER, it does not soil the garments or bed-clothing, as ointments always do.

CURES CHAPPED HANDS AND PIMPLES ON THE FACE.

[A Pamphlet showing mode of use has been prepared, and can be had on application.]

Read the following astonishing proof of the healing effect of The Frank Siddalls Soap:

CLINTON, OSWEGO CO., N. Y., March 16, 1881.

MR. FRANK SIDDALL,—*Dear Sir:*—The cake of Frank Siddalls Soap came safely to hand. It is not only as good as stated, but better, for it has proved a godsend to me.

For a long while I have been afflicted with Salt Rheum on my hands, and for over a year have had to wear gloves all the time; but the Soap has already so nearly cured me that I am doing my work all alone, and can truly say it has been a godsend to me.

MRS. PHILIP TOOLE,
Daughter of Thomas Collins.

FRANKLIN, VENANGO CO., PA., March 9, 1881.

MR. FRANK SIDDALL,—*Dear Sir:*—My wife has been suffering from ulcers on her leg, and has not been able to get anything to treat them, although we have spent hundreds of dollars, all without benefit. She is now using your Soap, having commenced about two weeks ago, and it is acting splendidly, and I am sure will effect a complete cure in a very short time. It has already taken all the pain away, and she can now rest as well as she ever could. We intend using it in our house hereafter for washing and every other purpose.

JABEZ FLOYD.

Humorous.

Artistic—Drawing a tooth.

Even a barrel-hoop will turn when it is trod on.

The most universal tax—The tax on one's patience.

The maple tree is an emblem of Christian forbearance. The more it is bored the more sweetness it exudes.

The prudent country schoolmaster doesn't arrap the boy until he has seen his father, and is sure he can whip him, too.

The man who "took the road" has been incarcerated in the "cell" with the individual who "stole an opportunity,"—their crime that of theft.

A manufacturer has succeeded in making such an improvement in plated-metal goods, that it is said he is obliged to warrant them not silver.

There is a man in this city whose digestive powers are so good that he thinks he could eat a roasted flat-iron, and sleep upon it like a baby."

The new settlers in Texas will find plenty of elbow-room, if nothing else. One of them writes that he has "the Rio Grande for a bath-tub, and all Mexico for a back-yard."

The greatest appetizer, stomach, blood and liver regulator on earth—Hop Bitters. See notice.

Reporters in St Louis haven't all been to writing-school, and one of them is in trouble because in his item a railroad magnate was represented by the compositor as too boozy—instead of busy—for conversation.

The young milkman and his betrothed stood before the registrar of marriages. "You take this milk—ahem!—this man for butter or for worse?" the official inquired. The girl said it never a-curd to her before, but she supposed she would if that was the only whey.

The Popular Demand

So great has been the popular demand for the celebrated remedy Kidney-Wort, that it is having an immense sale from Maine to California. Some have found it inconvenient to prepare it from the dry compound. For such the proprietors now prepare it in the liquid form. This can be procured at the druggists. It has precisely the same effect as the dry, but it is very concentrated, so that the dose is much smaller.—Lowell Mail.

MRS. LYDIA E. PINKHAM, OF LYNN, MASS.,

Woman can Sympathize with Woman. Health of Woman is the Hope of the Race.

Yours for Health
Lydia E. Pinkham

LYDIA E. PINKHAM'S
VEGETABLE COMPOUND.

Is a Positive Cure

for all those Painful Complaints and Weaknesses so common to our best female population.

It will cure entirely the worst form of Female Complaints, all ovarian troubles, Inflammation and Ulceration, Falling and Displacements, and the consequent Spinal Weakness, and is particularly adapted to the Change of Life.

It will dissolve and expel tumors from the uterus in an early stage of development. The tendency to cancerous humors there is checked very speedily by its use.

It removes faintness, flatulency, destroys all craving for stimulants, and relieves weakness of the stomach. It cures Bloating, Headaches, Nervous Prostration, General Debility, Sleeplessness, Depression and Indigestion.

That feeling of bearing down, causing pain, weight and backache, is always permanently cured by its use.

It will at all times and under all circumstances act in harmony with the laws that govern the female system.

For the cure of Kidney Complaints of either sex this Compound is unsurpassed.

LYDIA E. PINKHAM'S VEGETABLE COMPOUND is prepared at 233 and 235 Western Avenue, Lynn, Mass. Price $1. Six bottles for $5. Sent by mail in the form of pills, also in the form of lozenges, on receipt of price, $1 per box for either. Mrs. Pinkham freely answers all letters of inquiry. Send for pamphlet. Address as above. *Mention this Paper.*

No family should be without LYDIA E. PINKHAM'S LIVER PILLS. They cure constipation, biliousness, and torpidity of the liver. 25 cents per box.

☞ Sold by all Druggists. ☜

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THE BIGGEST BARGAIN EVER OFFERED.

A $20 BREECH-LOADING GUN FOR $7.00.

NEW, PERFECT, FRESH FROM THE FACTORY AND GUARANTEED IN EVERY RESPECT. EVERY ONE THOROUGHLY TESTED AT FACTORY BEFORE EXPORTATION.

Owing to the failure of the LONDON & LIVERPOOL FIRE ARMS CO., of London, England, we have secured a consignment of their celebrated Breech-loading Shot Guns THE CHAMPION, at thirty-three and one-third cents on the dollar of the actual cost of manufacture. One hundred thousand stand of these Guns have been thrown on the European and American market, of which a small portion of which have come to America. These we have secured solely control of and offer them for the purpose of introduction at less than cost of manufacture until JULY 15th, 1881, when the price will be advanced to the regular rate $20.00 each. This Shot Gun fills the long-felt want for a reliable Breech-loading Shot Gun at a reasonable price. The country has been flooded with cheap, worthless American Firearms, made of inferior material miserably put together, and as far as reliability or accuracy are concerned perfectly useless. THE CHAMPION is new and perfect, finely finished, case-hardened and blued, made of every best materials, and by the Improved Attachments, as shown in cuts Nos. 1 & 2, are rendered superior to any other English or American Shot Gun. They are too well-known to need extensive description, when we state that they are perfect, and warrant it. Genuine CHAMPIONS. That is sufficient. Every Man or Boy in this country who needs a Shot Gun should purchase one of THE CHAMPIONS, as they are the biggest Bargain ever offered in America, and will never be offered again. We GUARANTEE these Shot Guns to be in every respect as represented or Money will be refunded. You cannot find opportunity like it if you want a Shot Gun, and as a chance for speculation it is well worth your attention. You can at any time sell the Shot Gun for a great deal more than you gave for it. THE CHAMPION is a great favorite with Sportsmen on account of the rapidity and ease with which it can be loaded, and its superior Shooting qualities. Their shots are certain, as a first class Fire-arm, is shown by the thousands of English testimonials on file. The editor of THE ATLANTIC, N. Y., states: "They are the most extraordinary barrels I ever saw. They shot equal to my $90 Shot Gun." He has bought two. R. E. Reed, Secretary of the New York Ducking Club, says: "Your CHAMPION IMPORTED BREECH-LOADING SHOT GUN is an unheard-of Bargain and worth at least $20.00. Our Club will have several. Thereby reducing your membership. It is a Shot Gun will more than settle every purchaser." ORDER AT ONCE as our engagement is only ONE THOUSAND and can close is JULY 15th, 1881. TAKE NOTICE—We will send (until July 15th, 1881,) ONE CHAMPION IMPORTED BREECH-LOADING SHOT GUN as described above, carefully boxed, for $7.00, and when Cash accompanies the Order will give Free one of our new Sportsman's Cartridge Belts, as shown in cut, also 50 Metallic Reloadable Shells (and a life time).

Send Money by REGISTERED LETTER or POST-OFFICE ORDER at our Risk. Or we will send the Gun C.O.D. with privilege of Examination upon receipt of $2.50 to cover express charges, or your express agent's warranty that the Gun will be returned free of all expense to us if not taken by you, but we do not send the Sportsman's Belt or Reloading Shells if sent C.O.D., as this extra inducement is to those who send CASH WITH ORDER. Should you have no acquaintance with our Firm, and desire a reference as to our reliability, we would refer you to any Mercantile Agency, Express Company, Bank or Newspaper Publisher in this City. ORDER NOW, even if you have no use for a Gun for six months; you never will get another such Bargain.

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DOES WONDERFUL CURES WHY?

Because it acts on the LIVER, BOWELS and KIDNEYS at the same time.

Because it cleanses the system of the poisonous humors that develope in Kidney and Urinary Diseases, Biliousness, Jaundice, Constipation, Piles, or in Rheumatism, Neuralgia, Nervous Disorders and Female Complaints.

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KIDNEY-WORT

PERMANENTLY CURES KIDNEY DISEASES, LIVER COMPLAINTS, Constipation and Piles.

☞ It is put up in Dry Vegetable Form in tin cans, one package of which makes six quarts of medicine. Also in Liquid Form, very Concentrated, for those that cannot readily prepare it.

☞ It acts with equal efficiency in either form.

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The Watch which we offer for sale is a good imitation of a Gold Hunting Cased Watch in color and appearance. The metal is a composition of other metals, so closely resembling gold that it is difficult to detect the difference except by chemical test. The works embrace the celebrated IMPROVED AMERICAN MOVEMENT and EXPANSION BALANCE. The case is Massive, Strong, and Exceedingly Handsome. The illustration is only half size and will give you only a faint idea of our justly celebrated Watch. This watch you can sell for $15 to $20, and take any goods you can find a market for in exchange. This will enable you to make a profit of $10 to $15 on the Watch, also a profit on the goods. For this reason Farmers as well as Agents can engage in this new and highly remunerative field of easy labor. We will send the watch by registered mail free of all charges on receipt of $6 and guarantee safe delivery or we will send it C.O.D. on receipt of $2.00 on account. Splendid IMITATION GOLD CHAINS only 25 cts each. Medallion Charms 10 cents extra. This watch is extensively advertised and sold by other firms at $10 each. Don't pay Ten Dollars when we will sell you precisely the same watch for $6. We sell a great many and are willing to sell you a single watch at wholesale price, in order to give you a chance to try and sell them, knowing you will order a number as these when you find they are really good and salable. World Manuf'g Co. 122 Nassau St. N. Y.

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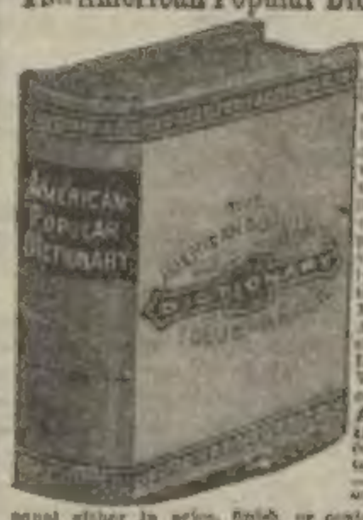

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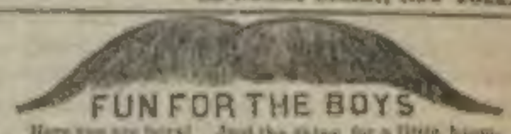

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You can now tell your own Fortune—what will happen you—how to Win the Heart and the Hand you desire—how to Interpret any Dream—the Love Charm—who your Husband or Wife will be—When you will Marry—what Fortune you will have—your Lucky Days—what you will succeed in—what your Absent one is Doing—whether your Husband or Wife is True—whether you will Marry—will your Marriage be happy—about your children—how you can Conquer in Love—whether you will be a Widow—whether you will Die Rich—Seven Signs of Speedy Marriage—How to Unravel Secrets and Find Hidden Treasures—how to Control others—it is Life's Lantern—True to Life Fortune-Teller—Old Gypsy Madge can bring you Good Fortune—don't be Fatalistic—Old Madge can bring you Good or Evil—This Book sent by mail for 10 Three cent stamps—Two Books for 25 cts—Five Books for $1.00. Every Book [illegible] Silver Lining. World Manufacturing Co., 122 Nassau St., New York.

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SCARCE GOODS. Books, Photos, &c. Sample and Catalogue, 5c. PARIS NOVELTY CO. Chicago.

Ladies' Department.

FASHION NOTES.

WHILE delicately-traced jewelry holds its own for one style, richly embossed metal is admired for another. Many large lockets and bracelets are covered with raised flowers and scrolls, which recall Indian ebony carving. Many fine specimens of this kind are found in the ponderous mantle-fasteners which take all varieties of tapering shapes.

Perhaps the favorite of the moment is a tiny Egyptian bas-relief in black steel, with a bright openwork border. Other clasps are wholly in perforated gilt, or have a golden frame enclosing enameled palms. Again, plain metal ones form the initials of the wearer, and thus complete the monogram brooch, earrings, and locket.

A novelty in pearls is a grouping of four or five beads, each differently tinted, one being yellow, another pinkish, a third pale-brown, and a fourth faceted to sparkle with rainbow tints. Mounted on gold or silver stem, this cluster looks well among the folds of a lace tidy or necktie.

Jet ornaments have a very light and tasteful character; they are mostly fabricated with small studs and pear-shaped drops, either wholly bright or intermixed with dull jet. The French jet is now riveted on the foundation, so that it is more substantial.

The fashion in Paris is to wear precious stones of different colors. Earrings are no longer made in pairs; one earring may be formed in a large sapphire circled with diamonds, and the other of different dimensions of a ruby also circled with diamonds.

Shirring is a prominent feature of the latest costumes, being a style especially adapted to the soft, clinging materials which seem to predominate in summer dress goods.

This shirring is not now confined to clusters at the neck and waist-line, but covers the entire shoulders in parallel rows simulating a round yoke.

There are various ways of shirring dress-skirts, the simplest of which is to shirr the entire lower skirt in rows around the figure. It is also conspicuous in full sleeves, generally called bishops' sleeves. In some of these it appears in several rows around the arm holes, the elbows, and again at the wrists.

The shirred scarf for trimming the front of the corsage remains popular, and is now much broader than it has been worn; it is longer than the basque, both ends falling below the basque, and being finished with fringe. This scarf is now shirred in clusters with the space between folded in pleats; five clusters of shirring are used; the middle cluster is in the back of the neck, two clusters are just below the throat in front, and two more are at the waist-line. Shirring is also seen on standing collars, and also on the wide round Stuart collar.

Another new style of trimming is the use of two soft bias puffs around the lower skirt instead of pleatings. Sometimes these are very narrow, and they are always made to lay deeply. This is not so very effective in striped as in plain materials—especially in black grenadines, or the various-colored nun's cloth, and is much used on plain sewing-silk grenadines or on brocaded stuffs.

Some dresses have a series of these narrow lapping bias puffs up the middle of the front breadth instead of the old style lapped knife-pleatings, while others have similar puffs up the left side, where they are disclosed by the overskirt being caught up very high on that side.

Polonaises are also shown this season, and these are very full on the hips; this fulness may be extended around from the front in the usual panier fashion, or is produced by deep shirring just below the waist-line, and the part below is turned back in revers. The skirts of dresses worn with polonaises are quite as elaborately trimmed as those with basques.

Lovely costumes are made of the soft clinging materials in pale shades suitable for the various festive occasions of summer. A great deal of lace is used in trimmings, generally the inexpensive white laces—such as vermicelli, Alencon, d'Aurillac, and Spanish blonde—in rows of frills that are very fully gathered, or, if the design of the lace favors it, in side-pleatings. The waists of these dresses are high, or half-high, with square open fronts, or else they are open in V-shape in front and back of the neck. Very bouffant effects are given to these skirts, no matter what their length may be, and on many there are panier scarfs and puffed fulness across the hips.

Other skirts have wide puffs that may be either bias or straight, and these extend up to the knees, where the top is concealed under the upper drapery, which sometimes is made of full breadths of the new shaded Surah laid in many folds around the figure, and tied behind in a large sash bow.

For these light and delicate transparent fabrics of summer dresses the corsages will also be pleated and crossed like those of years ago—four pleats on each side, which will be sewed into the shoulder-seams. The front will be crossed under the belt, and the somewhat wide opening will be filled in with a bouffant fichu of white muslin.

Fashion still favors a combination of figured with self-colored materials. Patterns of every style are fashionable; dots, stripes—which are the latest—although pompadour flowrets, printed or brocaded, are also to be seen upon the new fabrics introduced for the summer.

Striped basques for wearing with skirts of solid color are among the latest styles. For example, a basque of black and white stripes, in which half-inch stripes of white satin alternate with black gros grain stripes the same width. This may be brightened by a little dark-red satin in the facings of the cuffs, collar, and leaf-points of the basque, which serves admirably to wear with black silk or cashmere house-dresses, just as the brocade basques have been so popularly worn.

Leaf-pointed short basques are among the most youthful and simple styles shown at the late openings. The entire edge of the basque, except that of the two middle forms of the back, extends only a finger length below the waist-line, and is cut into ten or twelve leaf-points, lined with satin, and corded on the edges, or a dressy effect is produced by a frill of lace under the points, or if of black material, use edging of jet beads. The two back forms may then be very long, and tied in a bow, or tassel-finished.

Steel passementeries for dress-trimmings are produced in graceful floral patterns, with the addition of leaves, sometimes with steel cords, sometimes with jet.

The beaded fringes of steel or of jet, or of both combined, show nothing but the beads, and the newest are in chain patterns with links, and rings inside rings forming each strand of the fringe.

This is also shown in the ombre beadings, in which are many shadings of one color. Old-gold and amber are disappearing from beaded trimmings, and are giving place to pure gold beads.

Very small bullet-shaped buttons fasten the fronts of corsages, and these are mostly crocheted, with perhaps a few beads in them. The large buttons most used are of steel or other metal to match trimmings, and these are not conspicuously placed, as they have lately been.

The new bows for dress garniture have as many as ten or twelve long loops that are really loops—not flatly pressed—and also some ends notched or forked; all this is held by one small strap at the top or in the middle. Satin ribbon two inches wide is used for such bows, and often two contrasting colors of ribbon are employed, the lighter being placed inside the darker loops as a lining.

Some of the new flower passementeries look like embroideries, as they are made of beads of all the colors in the leaf and flower, and are worked to represent marguerites tulips, and all drooping flowers, like lilies and fuchsias.

For silk grenadines there are pretty trimmings in black Spanish lace, the design picked out with jet and steel beads; also a galon, one each end of which are two rows of leaves, made of Spanish lace, folded in scallops like leaves.

The long Suede buttonless gloves are still most popular, especially in a deep café au lait shade. They can be had now in almost all shades and colors. Many have falling frills of lace at the top, and an elastic to keep them well up the arm.

The last novelty is the gauntlet glove in black or cream, embroidered in colored silks. The gauntlet can be removed and put on new gloves. It is fastened by fine silver or gold cord, and is of satin.

The long Louis XIV gloves, of alternate rows of embroidered satin insertion and kid, are a good deal worn; they are very long, and fit closely to the arm.

Large colored silk ties are popular for morning wear, arranged at the throat, just below the collar, in a large bow, and then carried down to the waist, passing underneath two straps of the dress material, which are fastened at the bodice, one being at the waist, and the other above. Red and sapphire-blue ties of silk are most worn with dark demi-saison dresses.

The style of arranging the hair is considerably altered, the small knots being out of favor, and a more graceful style of twist is to be worn.

Madonna bands vie with the curled fringes in front, and a pretty mode is introduced of the fringe of curls continuing round the head low on the neck, while the bulk of the hair is twisted above it in Grecian twists held in place by either tortoise-shell or gold ornaments.

This mode, which was fashionable a few years ago, is very becoming to most faces, and will be welcomed more especially by those whose early youth having passed, find the severe style of the late fashion rather trying.

For ball and evening toilettes, long thick curls are much worn by young ladies, sometimes the whole of the hair is curled, and fastened at the nape of the neck with a handsome comb, a small bouquet of flowers, or else the curls escape from under the coiled or pleated chignon.

As ornaments for the hair, combs are gaining in favor, especially of tortoise shell, quite plain, with the exception of a row of balls, which are seen resting among the thick plaits. Feathers, too have made their appearance with the higher style of coiffure.

Fireside Chat

NOVELTIES IN DECORATION

DECORATIVE painting in every form is engrossing busy minds, and oils are brought to bear on materials which were never thought of but a short time ago. Of these materials I may mention satin sheeting and lynoleum, or ordinary floor oilcloth. The former is used for panels of screens, hangings for the backs of small pianos and rooms; the latter for dados, friezes (which are the painted strips that go round the top of the rooms, half the width of, and as a match for the dados), and the panels of doors.

No preparation is required when oil-paints are used, and the designs are bold and effective; the work is usually rough. Small piano tacks are used for fixing in the panels, so that the effect is as if the door itself was painted. The natural color can be left, or a background of some particular shade painted on before the design is commenced.

Birds, waterlilies and plants, bulrushes, grasses, and iris are effective, or foxgloves, Gladioli and white lilies.

The standing screens painted on colored sateens are also very popular just now. There are usually four long panels, and sometimes four smaller ones fitted in at the base, with a small cluster of the same flowers as adorn the panel above. This material is extremely easy for painting on. It is much used for the splash cloth, fastened to the wall behind a wash-stand. Some design is painted on—as a kingfisher watching for prey among rushes over water, a flight of swallows, etc. The cloth is bound round with some binding-gimp of the same color, and then nailed to the wall. The dimensions are according to the size of the wash-stand.

Mats for the windows or conservatory look well with a border of flowers painted on, and a cluster in the centre. The best colors are dark-red, light-blue, old-gold, grey, and cream. Wooden bread-platters, circular and oval trays, and the frames of toilet looking-glasses are now painted. The latter have to be made to order, and are usually painted being made up. There are four pieces, the two sides being the longest. When finished and mounted the effect is good.

I recently saw a mirror-frame in china mounted in dark blue velvet, on a toilet table, hung with blue velvet and lace, painted with a wreath of roses, entwined with blue ribbon, which was perfect. The two side pieces measured 16 inches long and 4 inches wide, and the top and bottom pieces were 8 inches long and 4 wide. The corners have to be filled in with wood or velvet. Sometimes only the corners are painted, and a large monogram ornaments the top piece.

I have seen recently one or two painted satin sheeting counterpanes. There was a wreath of flowers in the centre, and a design at each corner. One was composed of two colors, the centre being of one, and the broad border of another.

Another style of counterpane had the centre of cream oat-meal cloth, on which was worked a wreath of oranges and leaves, in gold-colored silk, with a border of gold-colored satin sheeting.

For mantel-valances, chair-backs, etc., there is a beautiful rich colored dark peacock plush, which is being much used now. On it are worked, in crewels or silks, white lilies, sunflowers, and other flowers. It is mixed with satin sheeting of the same shade. Terra-cotta color is also popular. I saw a piano-back recently of this peacock satin, with small clusters of the plush looped back with clusters of large artificial lilies. Some of the plush tea-cosies are extremely pretty, with a border, composed of a long daisy chain, or with sprays of maidenhair fern worked on in gold-colored floselle. On red and peacock plush the design is most effective. Frames for photographs are ornamented thus; also covers for albums.

Some cases for keeping music in are made of a square piece of crash. In one corner is embroidered a twig, on which a nightingale sits, with its head up, as if in the act of singing. In the background is a rising moon, with "Music" written round it, and in the other corner is a monogram. All are worked in bronze and gold silk.

A novelty for showing off photographs is a very large fan, made of stout mill board, each section covered with satin or velvet, places for photographs cut out, and the whole joined together by satin ribbon. The photographs are put in, and secured from the back. This fan stands on an easel or support, and looks well, and is effective if placed on a table against a cottage piano. It should be large enough to hide the entire back of the piano. I have seen a fan made of cardboard, with painted flowers on different-colored backgrounds. A cabinet photograph and two smaller ones are arranged below each other in each division. One of these fans would measure, perhaps, two feet in height, each division being seven inches wide at the top and three at the base. It folds up when required like an ordinary fan.

Christmas cards could be shown off in this manner. The fan is not difficult to make. Above a mantelpiece where is no mirror, a length of colored satin sheeting may be arranged to look pretty in the following way: Have four to five yards of the full width: fold it in half, and nail it to the wall at about a yard above the mantelshelf in the centre, then drop it, and nail it again at about half a yard above the ends of the mantelshelf, allow the ends to fall down on each side to the ground. Cut a strip and lay it along the shelf. Where the nails are put in and the folds gathered suspend some pretty china ornament, or china branches for candles, or receptacles for ferns or ivy. Other ornaments may be nailed on to the background of satin.

Thus a most dainty drapery can be quickly and effectively arranged. Red, pale or dark peacock blue are the most suitable colors. If anyone who is constantly moving about arranges her room thus, she will find it greatly improved.

Satin sheeting covers for little tables, mats, and cushions, always smarten up a room. A pretty folding screen was shown me a short time ago, covered on one side with pale grey, and on the other by pale-blue papers, with a broad margin of gold paper. Christmas cards were carefully arranged on it at distances, each one framed in a band of gold paper, looking as if they were suspended by a narrow gold cord (of paper) to a (painted) brown nail. The whole was then varnished, and the blue and pink background looked very much like china.

A novel way of showing off fancy cards, for the amusement of sick people or children, is to sort them in sizes, bind each with colored satin ribbon, and then sew them all together in a long line of about a dozen, so that they will fold up flat. Make a little fancy cover of some bright-colored material, and tie it round. It is a good plan also to put the cards back to back, and make a double line. When one side has been looked at, it can be turned over and the other scrutinized. The two cards are bound together. The little packet should be well pressed when finished.

An Iowa paper tells of two lovers who were permanently separated by the interposition of a "cold cloud of realism." Being freely interpreted, this means, probably, that they were not kindred souls. The circumstance recalls the instance of a romantic young lady who had a very fine head of hair. One evening when her affianced stood gazing very impulsively at it in the midnight, she said, with much feeling, 'John, are you thinking that each one of these hairs is like a golden cord binding you to happiness?' "Well, no," he answered, mechanically, "I was thinking what a nice mosquito net they would make."

Answers to Inquirers.

SUB (Illinois.)—Examine the table of terms in this week's Post.

M. McF. (Nepsee, Mich.)—Just at present we are in no need of anything of the kind. We cannot, therefore, accept your proposition.

E. W. S. (Potts Grove, Pa.)—We are sorry, but the verses will not do. The ideas are good enough, but the composition is far below what it should be.

W. H. M. (Laurel Hill, N. C.)—The firm is all right in every respect. 2. Your handwriting is very fine. We would not care to read anything better.

FENELLA (Hampton, Ga.)—The violets in the case mentioned would imply Love and Fidelity, "I love and have faith in you." The button-hole bouquet means nothing in itself, all depending on the flowers of which it is composed.

FRIEND, (Spartansburg, N. C.)—Write to one of the Richmond or Raleigh papers. We do not know what the expense would be, but it is not great, at least judging from rates in this city. We think it a fine business for a woman, and advise you by all means to learn it.

FOPOBY, (Harrisbury, Pa.)—Yes; Waldteufel is a German name; it means in English forest devil. 2. Your best plan would be to get someone to select the best dance music for you, and have it bound, or try and pick up a second-hand collection of one who has done so.

SUBSCRIBER, (Paradise, Pa.)—The lesser anniversaries are not generally observed as they bear one name in one section, and something different elsewhere. Those almost universally recognized are: Five years, wooden; ten years, tin; fifteen years, crystal; twenty years, china; twenty-five years, silver; fifty years, golden; seventy-five years, diamond.

SWAMPER, (Brazos Co., Tex.)—1. Yes. 2. We confess that we cannot see what objection there can be in the lady having more property than yourself. Nowadays it would be an additional attraction in the eyes of most men. Of course, the first consideration is that you should love each other. This being the case, only look upon the property question as another contribution to bliss.

ELITE (Del Roy, O.)—The number of newspapers to day is probably between seven and eight thousand, while the circulation amounts to an average of six or seven millions per day. 2. The baker's dozen is thirteen. It was formerly called the Devil's dozen, that being the number which always sat down at the Sabbat or feast of witches. Thus it is one of the origins ascribed for the ill-luck of that number. 3. At his right hand.

M. B. (Fulton, Ky.)—We do not think you a simpleton. Come as often as it pleases you and ask what you like. We do not think that you are able to write stories just yet, as we notice a great many faults of spelling in your letter. Correct this and when you do write your stories will have a better chance. As it may prompt you to improvement, we tell you candidly your writing is not good. It can be read, but for a lady's hand it has not the first claim to beauty. We are glad to know that you are pleased with your Premium.

SWEET SIXTEEN, (Henry, Ill.)—1. Address an inquiry to the War Department, Washington, D. C., enclosing stamp for reply. 2. No. The stories are nonsense. No one knows when the world will come to an end, and it is folly to be frightened at such a rumor. 3. Their coming shows that the blood is impure, and they may be prevented by some cooling medicine. To remove blackheads, wash the face in ammonia, diluted with water, or force them out by placing the pipe of a watch-key over them and pressing.

E. I. (Texas.)—Mardi Gras is French for "fat Tuesday." It is a relic of the Carnival of the Catholic Church, which ends on this day, the next being Ash-Wednesday, the beginning of the penitential season of Lent. The name arises from the general idea of this being an enjoyable day, "fat," as it were, with opportunities for fun. It was also, we believe, common in French villages, formerly to feast in one of the lively processions of the day, a fat ox, which was afterwards killed, roasted, and distributed to the merrymakers.

STICKLER, (Philadelphia, Pa.)—We cannot pronounce authoritatively on the point you raise, for the reason that the so-called laws of etiquette, like the rules of grammar, are simply the opinion of one or more persons as to what are the general usages of the best society in matters affecting social intercourse. Accepting, however, the dicta of the best informed writers on the custom of a lady taking a gentleman's arm, you are in the right; although of late the opposite habit of a gentleman taking a lady's arm is become very common. Our own opinion on the subject is that any gentleman who attempts to take a lady's arm should be kept at arm's length until the lady can teach him better.

N. Q. (Claymont, Del.)—To properly answer your question you should have stated whether you were a younger sister or brother. This you have forgotten to do. We will assume, however, that you are of the latter sex. In this case it is the place of one of the others to invite the visitor to call again, and if your mother, sister, or brother did not think it worth while, you, the youngest, should not have done it. 2. In such cases, if a horse is handy, somebody rides; or in the absence of that means of conveyance someone must run as quickly as possible. 3. The Public Buildings in this city are intended for the convenience of the city departments, courts, etc. 4. Write to the hotel managers, or advertise your wants in the city papers.

M. S. A. C. (Massachusetts.)—You have a right to try to win by any honorable means the man you love, but there is a great risk in what you propose. It is the woman's right to be wooed, and if he does not care enough for you to make the necessary advances, you must not think of it. We are afraid that the difference in your ages is a disadvantage. Not that you cannot love each other, even if it was twice as great, but it is safer to be on the other side. As he is so young and fickle-minded you cannot be too careful of doing anything that will give people a chance to talk. Your writing him would not only do this, but show that you were either lacking in delicacy, or blinded by love. If he wants to see you let him come to you. It is perhaps hard to be situated as you are, but you should know that the place of an unloved wife is far worse. Be careful that you confess no more to him than he to you; do not indulge in too much fervor in writing to him, and above all do not visit him.

JACK, (Hartford, Conn.)—I am about twenty-five years old, and am just entering into matrimony, and do not like my faults which are blushing and bashfulness. Will you tell me some thing that will prevent them both? And would it be advisable for me, having light hair and flushing red whiskers, to marry a girl with bright red hair? We do not recognize as faults "blushing and bashfulness." They are rare and beautiful. Keep them as long as you can, and be anxious only to keep your friends from blushing for you. As to the color of the lady's hair, far be it from us to suggest any possible improvement in one with whom you are just "entering into matrimony." It is too late to ask the question. But lest you should think you have any cause to blush for the lady's hair, we assure you that many are imperiling their health with chemicals to get something like it. They call it "golden," you know. How happy you should be, for whom nature is providing all this free of cost, and without risk.

WESTERNER, (New York, N. Y.)—The population of America could easily have taken place at any period after the Deluge, but before the regular chronicling of events. Thus the matter was lost sight of. Or the population might have sprung from some individuals crossing from Europe to America by Behring's straits when frozen; or it may be, drifted in boats from isle to isle on the southern archipelago. Although the Deluge may have been partial, which we doubt, the tradition being that it was universal, yet the method in which America and other long undiscovered lands were populated, admits of a very easy solution, and is quite consistent with the theory of an universal submergence. It is now generally believed by scholars that America was discovered long before the time of Columbus or Vespucius. The cuneiform, or wedge-like, characters of Nineveh, and the hieroglyphics of Egypt both bear resemblance to those inscriptions on ancient cities of Central America which excite our wonder. Some time since a theory was broached that certain tribes of Indians were descended from the ten lost tribes of Israel. This much, however, we know for certain, that as early as the ninth century the ancient Norsemen visited the Eastern coasts of America, from Lancaster Sound to Florida, and left records of their expeditions on the rocks of Rhode Island and Massachusetts, where they still remain.